The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St. Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871.

Price $3.00 a Year; or, $2.50 if paid in Advance Single Number 6 Cents. No. 2610.

EVENING CLOUDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The roseate clouds of evening!
We deem them wondrous bright,
Those types of earthly grandeur
With their reflected light.
Their splendor filched from heaven
More radiant to us seems—
To eye-gone only mortal—
Than heaven's own golden gleams.

We fail to think that glory,
Whose brightness is divine,
Would strike the eye with blindness
Which looked upon his shrine.
We only see the beauty
Our eyes would fain behold,
Behind life's misty curtain,
Its border tinged with gold.

Ah! thus we madly worship
The mask which brightness wears,
And turn with eyes all darkled,
When he his radiance bares:
Thus too we sing our peans
At earthly glory's shrine,
And thoughtless whence 'tis borrowed,
Reject the hand divine.

MAGGIE L. S. BURKE.

THREE WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"I HAVE STAKED ALL, AND LOST."

A woman sat at the grand piano singing, and a man leaned near, his thoughtful face resting upon one white hand.

A pale, fair woman, with yellow hair and violet blue eyes, and features like a marble statue of the Madonna. A tall man, with a quiet, grave face, and a dignified bearing. It was Captain Lucius Warren and his cousin Julia.

"Never till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
More, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee—
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee."

sang the woman, and as she sang a warm color flushed her white cheeks, and a liquid light shot into her restless blue eyes. But Captain Warren, though he seemed to be looking at her, did not see it, nor did he hear the passionate earnestness that she threw into the words. But a quiver of pain passed over his face, and a long sigh, almost a sob, shook his whole frame. He turned from the piano and threw himself down upon the soft crimson sofa at the opposite side of the room, and shaded his eyes from the glare of the gaslight with one pale hand. Julia Warren ran her fingers idly over the white keys for a moment, and then rising, she crossed over and knelt down at the side of the sofa.

"Lute!"

"Well, cousin?"

"What is the matter? Does the old wound ache?"

"Yes, the old wound aches."

She leaned so low over him that his dark locks touched her white forehead.

"But I thought that was all healed up, Lute, long ago, and would not trouble you any more."

He uncovered his eyes and smiled gravely in the white face so near him.

"Cousin Julia," he began, taking one slender hand in his; but she interrupted him, with a little gesture of impatience.

"Why need you *always*, without fail, prefix 'Cousin' to my name? You seem fearful that I will forget the relationship."

"Well, are you not my cousin?"

"Only second cousin at the nearest, and I am not likely to forget it if you do not cast it in my teeth every hour in the day."

Strange that he did not understand the bitterness of words and tone, but he did not.

"Very well, then: Julia, minus the cousin, it shall be hereafter if you desire it. I surely shall not refuse to do what few things lie in my power, trivial though they are, toward conducing to the happiness of the dearest and best little woman in the world: one who has been so untiring in her attentions to me, so kind and good to me always."

He was stroking her soft, slender hand while he spoke, and did not see the almost unearthly expression of joy that transfigured her face for one moment.

"Where is it that the old wound aches, Lute?" she said, after a little silence. "Here," pressing one hand lightly upon his shoulder, "where the ball went in, or where it was taken out?"

Another quivering sigh heaved the man's broad breast.

"You forget, Julia, that I bear about me more wounds than one. The one made by a ball from a foe's musket has healed over and does not trouble me, save by a little tenderness. The one made by a cruel message from a heartless coquette has never healed over, but aches horribly night and day."

A sudden and curious change passed over the fair face of the woman by the sofa, and a mingled expression of anger, misery and despair settled upon the countenance that was radiant with joy but a moment before.

"Oh! Lute, how can you mourn for *her* now?"

"Because it is my nature to be constant, Julia. Once loving, I love forever, even if my love were misplaced. With all my heart and soul and strength, with every power of my being I loved Minnie Cresswell, and I cannot forget her."

"But, Lute, she was so treacherous, so heartless, so fickle, and she may be—nay, in all probability *is*, the wife of another now."

"I know all that, Julia. A few days since I saw in a New York paper that Carl De Wolf and his accomplished wife were about to start out upon a tour through Europe. Undoubtedly that wife is Minnie, as she jilted me for him. Yet do you think this knowledge has killed the love I felt for her? Would to God I *could* forget her, but I fear it will never be. The old scenes remind me so constantly of the days I spent here with her. Chicago is worse than a desert to me, and I am going away for awhile."

"Going away!" Such a pitiful, grieved, *hurt* sound rang in her voice, but Lucius Warren heard only surprise.

"Yes, if I could go back to my regiment I would gladly do so, but this useless left arm denies me that privilege. So I am going down into the country a hundred miles or so. Father has an old friend down in W——— somewhere, a farmer. I remember visiting there once, years ago, when I was a boy. The families have drifted apart, but I am going to hunt the place out and stop there awhile this summer. Perhaps the country air will quicken my sluggish blood a little, and bring back the strength I sorely need. If I find no change for the better after a month or two, I shall take a trip out west, and I may not return for a year."

"So long, oh Lute! but you will write to me?"

"Certainly, cousin mine. Did I ever fail in that duty? Did I not write to you every week of my army life, and sometimes oftener, until I was wounded? I shall write you often, and shall expect prompt answers to my letters."

But Julia was back at the piano again, with her back to him, to hide the bitter tears that she could not restrain, and her hands fell almost unconsciously into a mournful funeral dirge.

"Oh! horrors, Julia, don't play any more of that mournful thing," Lucius cried, after listening a few moments. "Why, it sends the cold shivers all down my back to hear you. It sounds like the dying wail of a despairing heart."

It *was* almost that, but he did not suspect it. Two days later, Captain Warren bid his parents and cousin farewell, and took the noon train for W———.

"Dear boy, I hope he will be happier and healthier when he returns," his lady mother said, watching him down the street, with a mist of tears in her eyes. "He needs change, but we shall miss him sadly."

And Julia Warren, sitting at her window with pallid face and throbbing brain, thought her heart would break with its weight of misery.

"I have surely now drained the last drop of the cup of woe," she wailed, wringing her snow white hands. "After all that I have done, all that I have stated, to see him go with only a light word of farewell. Surely I have lost the last hope now, and there can be no bitterer drop than this."

But there *was* a bitterer drop left yet, and she had *not* lost all hope, as she thought. Women often endeavor to cheat their own hearts, saying: "I have given up all hope now; I expect nothing," knowing it would be better so, while hope yet clings madly upon the heart strings, and will not let go.

But of Lucius Warren's absence, let his own letters speak:

"I wish you could see these level prairies, with their ripening harvests of wheat and corn," he wrote in June, three weeks after his departure. "My eyes can see scores of miles, I had almost said, in every direction, as I sit writing. I feel better and stronger already. I am stopping with William Alden—the old friend whom I told you of. There is only himself and wife, and two children; a son, near my own age—and a pretty little blossom of a daughter, still in her teens. They live in a rambling old farm-house, and the surrounding country is delightful. I can fish and hunt, at pleasure; and Mr. Alden has a horse which is at my disposal—so I manage to enjoy myself extremely well. They are plain, hard-working people, not in the best of worldly circumstances, and seem nothing loth to take a boarder. I shall doubtless remain here a portion of the summer at least."

In August he wrote:

"I have just returned from a pleasant jaunt to Milwaukee and Madison. You know I have often spoken of visiting Madison, the city of lakes, but have never done so before. It is a lovely place—deserving all that is said of it. Lakes Mendota and Menona, or "Third" and "Fourth" lakes, as they are called commonly, are enchanting in their loveliness. It is quiet and peaceful there, despite this tumultuous war which distresses the whole nation. I stayed but a few days, yet I was shocked upon my return to see the change in sweet Kate Alden. She is a frail girl, threatened with consumption, I fear, and her health is failing rapidly this summer. It seems sad to see so young a girl falling a prey to disease. Her parents are distressed about her."

Late in September Julia received a letter wherein he wrote:

"No doubt you will be much surprised at what I am about to tell you. It is sudden—but I considered the subject well before deciding as I did. I shall be married the first week in October, to Kate Alden. The physicians say there is hope of her recovery, if she can have a change of atmosphere—can travel about and see new places and scenes. I agree with them—but her parents cannot afford the expense her journeying about would necessarily put them to; so the girl is in danger of a premature death for the want of a few thousand dollars. I see my duty, and I shall act upon it. I have offered Mr. Alden the loan of any amount, but Kate could not travel or go away at all without a companion, and her parents cannot leave the farm at this season.

"Of course, Julia, after what you know of my past, you will wonder if I *love* this girl whom I am about to marry. Yes I do love her with a quiet, gentle love, for she is indeed a sweet, lovable creature. But she one great love of my heart, the master passion of my life, was given to the woman who repaid it by sending that cruel message—'Tell him I regret ever having fancied that I loved him, for I know now that it was but a fancy'—while I was fighting the battles of her country. The love I felt for her can never be given to another, yet I have put my past far away from me, and I feel a warmer love for this frail little blossom than I supposed it possible for me to feel for any woman again. I think I can make the remainder of her life happy.

"We are going down to Milwaukee and Madison immediately after our marriage; and after stopping over in the latter place a few days, shall go on through to St. Paul. Shall be home some time in November. I wish you and mother could come down to my wedding. But you will see my wife in November—and I know you will love her. She is very anxious to see Cousin Julia."

But could she have seen "Cousin Julia" when she read that letter, pretty Kate Alden would have shrank from her in alarm. Her face was deathly white, and the restless blue eyes fairly blazed like coals of fire. She bit her lips and clenched her white hands, till the blood started in both; and then she burst into a wild passion of tears.

"Father of Mercies," she cried, "pity me! this is the end, the end! I said I had no hope left months ago; but I have been hoping against hope, and now the last blow has come I find it horribly hard to give up my hope. After all that I have done, to have it end thus. Heavens! what a failure my life has been."

A man and woman were walking along the pebbly shores of Lake Mendota one mellow October day. The tall, grave, handsome man you might know in a moment was Captain Warren; and the little, slender, graceful figure at his side with the sweet shy eyes and doll face, was his wife, Kate. They had come to Madison a few days previous. Kate was enchanted with the place, and was anxious to prolong their stay; and Lucius's only wish was to please her. So they boated, and rode, and walked about wherever Kate felt strong enough to go. That day Lucius had hired a carriage, and they had been driven up State street, and through the University grounds, where a magnificent view of the city and lakes can be obtained. Then Kate said she wanted to get out of the carriage and walk on the lake shore awhile. So telling the driver to wait for them half an hour, Lucius walked down the path through the young growth of wood at the right of the University buildings to the lake below.

The day was warm and dreamy as June, and the lake looked like a broad sheet of glass. Several boats dotted it here and there.

"See how swiftly that boat moves," Kate said, pointing to a light row-boat, in which a gentleman and lady were seated. "It fairly flies toward us. Let us wait till they land."

A few moments later the occupants of the boat stood upon the shore a few feet from Kate and her husband. Kate started forward with a little cry of surprise.

"Why Mrs. Prichard, can this be you?"

"And Kate Alden, can *this* be *you*?"

"Not Kate Alden now," she laughed, blushingly. And then turning to Lucius—"Mrs. Prichard, this is my husband, Captain Warren; Lucius, this is the lady whom you have often heard me speak of. We lived neighbors in Michigan several years, and she visited us two years ago."

Here Mr. Prichard came up, and was presented, and the four fell into a pleasant chat as they strolled along the lake shore.

"Our half hour has been a long one, Kate," laughed Lucius, "and we must be retracing our steps, or our driver will leave us to walk down town."

"Where are you stopping?" Mrs. Prichard asked.

"At the Vilas House; and you?"

"At a private house, on Canal street. We remain in Madison three days, or perhaps a week longer, until my husband has transacted his business, when we shall go on to St. Paul. I hope to see you and your wife, Captain Warren, frequently while we are in the city. Call on us at Canal street, this evening, if you can."

"Thank you, I shall be pleased to do so, if Kate feels well enough. And you speak of going to St. Paul? Kate and I are going there soon, and I hope we can make a party!"

"Indeed! how nice!" cried Mrs. Prichard. "Come down this evening, and we will arrange it. Remember, at Mrs. Jarvis's on Canal street."

"This is Canal street, and this door-plate bears the name of Jarvis," quoth Captain Warren, that day evening, as he rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Prichard in?"

Yes, Mrs. Prichard was in the parlor! please walk in.

So Captain Warren and wife were shown into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Prichard, who were expecting them.

Mrs. Prichard was a budget of small talk, and as amusing as "Punch" or "The Phunny Fellow." The moments always flew, they never dragged in her presence.

"Where are the children, Rose and Clarence? did you leave them at home?" Kate asked in a pause of the conversation. But before a reply could be given there was a ripple of laughter in the hall that sent a strange, hot thrill through Lucius Warren's heart, a patter of feet, a rattling of the door knob, and then the door flew open, and two children, a boy and a girl, bounded in, followed by a young lady. A tall, slender lady, with peachy cheeks and dewy lips, and large, quiet brown eyes, half hid by drooping black lashes; and her dark brown hair that had been curled, now fell about her shoulders in half curls, half waves, as if tossed by the winds. Her dress was of brown linen, and a crimson centered paisley shawl hung from the graceful shoulders.

The children stopped abashed when they observed the strangers, and the young lady, with a few unintelligible words of apology, was turning from the room, when Mrs. Prichard arose.

"No, do not leave us, Minnie, till I have presented you to my friends. Never mind your dress. I assure you, you look very picturesque, indeed. Captain Warren, Miss Cresswell— *Mrs.* Warren, Miss Cresswell. This has been a day of pleasant surprises, Minnie. I found that lady and gentleman down on the Lake Shore by accident to-day, and Mrs. Warren I recognized immediately as an old acquaintance. You have heard me speak of Katie Alden? This is she—now Mrs. Warren." Then turning to Lucius, "what induced you to come here upon a wedding tour, Captain Warren? Most people go East?"

"I know, but I came West, hoping to benefit my wife's health. Her physicians advised her to travel through Wisconsin and Minnesota, and I trust she will be stronger when we return to Chicago."

"I beg to be excused while I make some changes in my attire," Miss Cresswell said with a graceful bend of the head, and arose and passed out of the room, leading the children.

"Be sure and come down again, Minnie," called Mrs. Prichard after her, "for I want you to make the acquaintance of my friends. They are going to St. Paul with us, and we must be very sociable."

It had all come about so suddenly, that there had been no time for a scene. And then scenes are not so common in real life as they are in books. Sensible and well-bred people do not make a display of their feelings, but on the contrary endeavor to conceal them. No one present suspected that Captain Warren and Miss Cresswell had ever met before that night. When Mrs. Prichard gave the formal introduction, and Minnie Cresswell looked into Lucius Warren's eyes for the first time in almost three years, she felt as if a great black pit yawned at her feet, and she bit her tongue to keep from screaming; and Lucius Warren felt the clasp of a death cold hand about his heart. Yet they bowed with a few polite words, and neither face betrayed any emotion.

"What a beautiful lady!" Kate cried as soon as Miss Cresswell was out of hearing. "Who is she, Mrs. Prichard?"

Mrs. Prichard smiled. "I knew you would like her—everybody does. She is a young lady I have had in my family some months. She is half companion, half governess, and well I scarcely know what she is *not* to me. I could not do without her now. She is such an acquisition. So gentle, amiable, and cultured. My children improve wonderfully under her care, and I, myself, find that I am deriving benefit from her society. She is an orphan, I believe, but there seems to be something painful connected with her past, and as she desires to avoid the subject, I do not question her of course. I only know she is a pure, sweet girl, and one I dearly love."

"She is perfectly beautiful!" cried Kate with such enthusiasm that Lucius looked at her in amazement. "I do wish she would come down again."

But Miss Cresswell did not come down again that evening. She sent word that she must be excused, as she was wearied out with her two hours' row upon the lake with the children, and felt the need of rest.

"Come down to the shore of Lake Menona to-morrow at two P. M.," Mr. Prichard said as Captain Warren and his wife arose to go, "and we will all take a boat ride over to Minnequah—"

"Oh yes, let us go, Lucius."

"Certainly, Kate, if you desire it."

So the following golden afternoon the little party assembled on the shore of Lake Menona, and seated themselves in the boat that Mr. Prichard had obtained. There was Mr. and Mrs. Prichard, Captain Warren, Kate, and Miss Cresswell. The children

had been left with Mrs. Jarvis.

"Give me a seat upon the right, and I can use one oar," Lucius said. "My right arm is a good strong one, if my left is nearly useless."

"At what battle were you wounded, Captain Warren?" Mrs. Prichard asked.

"At the first battle of Bull Run. The ball entered my shoulder in front, and was taken out three days after from my back. I feel thankful that I saved my arm, though if I could have had care in time I might now be using it. But I have little to complain of. Only I should like to be with my regiment again. I served my country scarce a year, and to think of the awful contest going on, and I sitting helplessly at home! It maddens me some times."

"But oh, Captain, were not those horrible days and nights after you were wounded, and before your arm was attended to!"

Captain Warren passed his hand across his eyes as if to brush away a hateful picture.

"Yes," he said quietly, looking down into the water, "they were awful days and nights. But the first night was the worst. I lay on the battle field, amongst the dead and wounded, all that night, and until late the following morning. It was horrible. The faces of the dear ones at home were so vividly before me, the memory of all that I had left, the happy hours I had spent with them so fresh. It seemed to me I *could not* die without touching the dear hands again, looking into the dear eyes. I had never been very religious, but I sent up my whole soul as I lay there that night in a prayer that I might see my loved ones once more. I prayed for a miracle—I wanted them to come to me right there, and it seemed to me if the morning ever came that I should see them. I was weak from the loss of blood and delirious, and when the morning came I almost wept with disappointment because I could not see them. I lost consciousness before I was removed, and was delirious most of the time for a week after. Yes, it was an awful night, Mrs. Prichard, and I seldom speak of it."

Captain Warren lifted his eyes, and turned them toward the end of the boat where his wife and Miss Cresswell sat, side by side, the one so slender and frail and childlike, the other so fair and graceful and womanly. Kate's head was bent down against the side of the boat, her finger tips in the water, her sweet eyes full of tears. Miss Cresswell was looking out over the lake, her dark eyes wide and luminous with a holy light, her whole face shining with an unearthly beauty.

"My God! how like a beautiful saint she looks," thought Lucius Warren, "and yet how heartlessly cruel and merciless she can be."

Miss Cresswell turned her luminous eyes upon him just then, and for one moment the two looked in each other's face as if each would read the other's heart. But neither read aright. The conversation branched off upon some other topic after that, and Miss Cresswell awoke from her reverie and joined with animation, enlivening all with her wit and mirth.

The little party spent half an hour strolling over the isle of Minnequah and gathering the bright-hued autumnal flowers, and then rowed homeward in the mellow light of the waning day.

Kate clung to the side of Miss Cresswell, and seemed unwilling to leave her, and Minnie petted her as she would a child.

"Do you know, Lucius," she said as they walked up Main street after parting from their friends, "that I have fallen in love with Miss Cresswell? She is just my ideal of a perfect woman. I don't know why it is, but I do love her as though she were my own sister, or something very near to me. You are not jealous, are you?"

Lucius looked down in the childish face that was growing fresher and fairer it seemed every day.

"Not at all, little girl," he said, smiling gravely. "Only don't entirely cast me off for this new flame. She is not a very dangerous rival, I guess."

A few days later the party set out for St. Paul. The dreamy, delicious Indian summer weather continued.

How strange that journey seemed to Lucius Warren and Minnie Cresswell. How strange it all seemed to them, how like a dream ever afterward. How strange that Fate had thrown them together again under such circumstances.

These two were not very sociable with one another, though each contributed a large share to the entertainment and enlivenment of the party. But they seldom addressed each other—seldom chatted together. This was Kate's chief worry.

"You do not like Miss Cresswell," she would say. "You do not seem to fancy her at all, and I think it is too bad. I wish you two would be more sociable. I wish I could induce her to come and live with us! but I never need hope for that until you are more sociable."

Dear, unsuspecting Kate! she little dreamed that her husband *dared* not speak often to this fair woman, that he *dared* not touch her hand, or sit by her side, lest his heart should stray from its allegiance, and his thoughts wander in unlawful paths.

The simple marriage ceremony cannot control a man or woman's thoughts. The heart will keep on loving despite such fetters. Yet unless a check is put upon the mind, if it is allowed to think *constantly* upon what might have been, and roam at will, there is danger in it, even to the most moral and conscientious. Lucius Warren knew this, and he dared not let himself think too deeply, or be reminded too often of the one dream of his life time. He would not wrong the frail girl-wife who trusted him so fully, even by a thought, if he could help it.

One evening they were all at a Mrs. Bartholomew's—Mrs. Prichard's sister. It was a day or two after they reached St. Paul, and there was quite a little gathering at Mrs. B.'s, it being her only daughter's eighteenth birthday. Of course Captain Warren and wife were invited. Somebody asked Miss Bartholomew to sing, and she sat down at the fine piano and then turned to her mother.

"What shall I sing, mamma?"

"Sing my favorite," the mother answered, and after a few liquid notes of prelude the sweet voice broke into song.

"Minnie Minton, in the shadows
I've been waiting here alone,
On the battle's gory meadows
That the scythe of death has mown.
I have waited for your coming
Through the shadows damp and gray,
But I've only heard the drumming
As the armies marched away.

"Minnie Minton, I am wounded,
And I know that I must die;
By a stranger hand surrounded,
And no loved one's kneeling nigh.
I have waited for your coming
Till the dreary dawn of day,
But I've only heard the drumming
As the armies marched away."

And then the clear voice rang out that indescribably mournful and appealing cry of the chorus—

"Oh Minnie, dear Minnie,
I have heard the angel's warning,
I have seen the golden shore,
I will meet you in the morning,
Where the shadows come no more,
Never more—never more."

Only those who have heard the song well sung, can understand its touching sweetness and pathos. Two more verses followed, but Lucius Warren heard but the two here given. It brought back, as nothing before had ever brought back, all the anguish of that night upon the battle plain, when he lay bleeding, almost dying, and crying to God for a lease of life, that he might once again touch the hand and look into the eyes of—Minnie Cresswell.

"He had waited for her coming till the dreary dawn of day," and that wild cry "Oh, Minnie, dear Minnie" seemed like the wail of his own heart.

The whole horrible scene was mirrored before his eyes while he listened, and all the unutterable anguish and pain came back to him, as I think nothing on earth *but* song can bring back such things to us, after they are once past.

He felt himself growing numb and cold, and thrills of physical pain ran all through him; and lifting his eyes without any will of his own, they turned full upon the face of Minnie Cresswell, who sat just opposite him. He saw her start and tremble with some suppressed emotion as she met his gaze, and her eyes filled with hot tears, that she turned hastily away to conceal.

Fortunately all present were giving their whole attention to the musician, and so this little by-scene was not observed.

But it was hours before two of that party became composed enough to fall asleep that night—and when Lucius Warren did fall into a troubled slumber, it was only to wake again and again from frightful and agonizing dreams of battlefields and wounds and beautiful dark-eyed women.

But the days went by, and the two families were soon to separate.

Kate wept violently, and clung to Minnie Cresswell at parting as though she could not let her go. Minnie's dark eyes were misty as she unwound the clinging arms from her neck. She could not understand why this frail girl-wife should love her so. She felt unworthy of such devotion from *her*.

"I know I shall never see you again in this world," wailed Kate, "and I cannot bear to leave you."

"Hush, darling," Minnie said, soothingly; "you will see me often again I trust. We shall meet many times upon this earth."

But Kate turned away sobbing, and would not be comforted.

It was in the first week of November that they reached Chicago. The grand house was all in a blaze of welcome, and there were loving hands held out to Kate from all sides.

"Lucius's wife could not but be welcome, whoever she might be.

Lucius started in surprise when he met his Cousin Julia. She was whiter than a ghost, and her restless blue eyes had an unearthly brilliancy, and there were strange hollows beneath them.

"Why I thought it was your wraith!" he said, as she held out her hand. "Really, Julia, what have they been doing to you since I went away? I think *you* had better go West for your health—for you look far more like an invalid to-night than Kate. See what a bloom she has upon her cheeks, while yours are like snow-drifts."

"I am only a little weary, Lute, that is all. I have been very busy for a few days, but I am quite well.

Kate was the first to speak of Miss Cresswell; and was loud in her praises.

Julia fairly shivered when she heard the name and looked questioningly and furtively at Lucius. She left the room soon after, and he followed.

"Yes, I saw Minnie, Julia," he said, going to her side; and then stated briefly the circumstances of their meeting. "She is not married, as I supposed, but I do not know why. We conversed but little—we scarcely spoke, though together daily. Kate was fairly bewitched by her. I never saw anything like her infatuation. She does not know that Minnie and I ever met, and she may as well remain in ignorance of it now. I tell these things to you, Julia, as I would to a sister, for you seem to me as near as that.

A long sigh—it seemed like a sigh of relief—escaped Julia's lips; yet a quiver like pain passed over her face—that face so strangely sad and pale.

And the days went by through autumn into winter. Kate had seemed full of life and strength, and her lips and cheeks wore a bright color for several weeks after her journey. But she began to droop again in midwinter. She was not downright ill, but just listless, and weary, and pallid. Lucius talked of going away with her, but the physicians said it would do more harm than good, at that season. He did all he could for her. He spent much of his time with her, read to her, bought beautiful things to cheer and amuse her, gave her light, agreeable tasks to pass away her time; rode and walked with her when the weather would permit; yet he saw her failing day by day.

Julia was indefatigable in her efforts to make the young wife happy, as was the mother. Lucius sent down for Kate's parents; and they spent a few weeks with her. All was done that could be done; yet she failed day by day. But she did not perceive the dark shadow that was approaching.

She often spoke of Minnie—and Lucius said to her one day,

"If you very much desire to see Miss Cresswell, we can send for her, and she would no doubt come to you."

"No, it would be asking too much: I will wait till spring, Lucius, and then we will go and see her."

Lucius stroked the brown head gently with a moisture of tears in his eyes; for he knew his sweet girl-wife would take but one more short journey in this world.

She died in April. A warm, languid day, with a southerly wind that talked of summer. They had all known that she was dying for weeks, but she seemed unconscious of her near approach to the mystic portal, until the very morning before she died. Then she turned suddenly to Lucius, sitting at her side—

"Lucius, do you know that I am dying?"

"Yes, darling."

"I did not know it until a few moments ago, when it came over me all of a sudden. I shall die to-day; how I wish I could see Minnie."

Her parents had been with her several days. They knew she was dying, and came to stay until the end.

Lucius did not answer, only stroked her soft hair.

"Lucius?"

"Well, darling."

"I wish—I know it will sound foolish, and like a sick girl's fancy—but I cannot help wishing you could love Minnie Cresswell, after I die."

"Hush, hush, darling!" Lucius said, hurriedly, a choking sensation in his throat. "I do not want to love anybody but my mother and cousin when you are gone."

"I know, not right away, but you will by-and-by. You cannot always grieve for me—I do not want you to. You will love some other woman, and I *do* wish it could be Minnie. If I could look down upon my two dearest ones *together*, it seems to me I should be happier in Heaven. I wish you would try and love her after I die."

Lucius kissed the pale lips, and hushed them to silence.

And she fell into a quiet slumber. That night she died.

Two weeks later Lucius Warren was sailing toward Europe. He flew from place to place, after the manner of Americans. From England to Ireland, from Ireland to Scotland, from city to city, scarcely resting anywhere. Yet it was almost one year from the day he left Chicago till the day he returned. He had thought of going to Australia, but they wrote for him to return, if he desired to see Julia alive. She had been fading away, day by day, for more than a year. Now she was confined to her bed, and her physicians said she could not live long.

What a white, ghastly face it was that Lucius bent over and kissed. How the great restless blue eyes burned and glowed in their hollow sockets, and then overflowed with tears.

"Oh, you have come!" she cried, winding her arms about his neck, and clinging to him with wild devotion. "I have longed for you so, darling. Kiss me once again, twice again, for you will spurn me after you hear what I have to tell."

He thought her wandering, but kissed her silently. She clung to him, her head upon his breast a moment, and then put him away, and lay back upon the pillows.

"Now I will tell you," she said, "for I want it all over. It wears on me so. I have been acting a lie to you, Lute, all these months and years. I have ruined your happiness in this world, and deceived you, and acted a lie. Minnie Cresswell never was heartless, and cruel, and untrue to you. She never cared for Carl De Wolf. You did not know it, but her father was shot for desertion, after you enlisted. I knew that you did not know it, yet I told her that you had written to me that you never could marry the daughter of a deserter; that you could not disgrace yourself by such an alliance, and you bitterly regretted your engagement, and should break it if possible. She almost fainted when I told her this, but she rallied after a moment, and blazed out in a white heat, 'Tell him I despise him; tell him I regret ever having fancied I loved him,' she said, 'for I know now that he is not worthy even my contempt.' Then I wrote you this message, modified somewhat, and told you she was receiving the attentions of a wealthy Frenchman, Carl De Wolf, and desired to break her engagement with you, without any display of words or letters, and had asked me to send the message. It was a lie. Carl De Wolf admired her, but she never encouraged his attentions. I thought you would forget her after this."

"But my God!" cried Lucius, wringing his hands in awful agony, "what was your object, what was your aim in this?"

"Heavens! to ask me *that!* Oh, Lute! Lute, can I never make you see—must I tell you with my own lips, that I love you, love you, love you? that I would sell my soul to Satan if I could buy your love with it! That the thought of your making any other woman your wife almost crazed me. Heavens, what have I not suffered, what have I not done! and all in vain, all in vain. I have staked all, and lost."

She fell back panting and exhausted with the violence of her emotion. Lucius did not upbraid her, did not speak one word of censure. His soul was wrung with anguish, yet he pitied her so from the bottom of his heart, that he could not speak bitterly. He was glad that he did not, when he went to her bedside, two hours later, and found her sleeping the eternal sleep. She had passed away without a struggle.

One week later, Lucius Warren was speeding on his way to Michigan. He was going to Minnie Cresswell. He found the residence of Mr. Pritchard, in Adrian, with little difficulty. At the door he inquired if Miss Cresswell resided there.

"Yes, Miss Cresswell resided there."

"Was she in?"

"Yes; in the library."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

Then Captain Warren desired to be shown in. She sat by a small table, busily engaged in sorting papers, when he entered. She rose with a little smothered cry of surprise.

"Captain Warren!"

"Yes, Minnie, it is I, after all this long time, come to clear myself in your eyes. I bring the confession of a dying woman. Julia is dead, and this is what she told me, two hours before she died." And he told her the story, word for word.

"And to think how I have loved you all these months and years; how I have suffered, and all through this. But it is righted at last. Oh, Minnie, *dear* Minnie, if it is not too late—if I only dared hope you had not forgotten the love you once felt for me!"

He looked in her face pleadingly, beseechingly.

She turned her dark, luminous eyes upon him.

"God only knows," she said, in her sweet, low voice, "how I have always loved you—how I *do* love you now. But it is too late, Lute. I have been the promised wife of Godfrey Young—Mrs. Pritchard's brother—almost three months. We are to be married in the Summer. I had put all thoughts of you away. I had not forgotten you—that were impossible, but I felt it to be wrong to dream over that bright past, or wish for what could never be. So I put my past away, and shut the door. Godfrey Young is a good, noble man. He has long loved me. I told him I respected and esteemed him highly, and if he could be satisfied with that, I would be his wife. I might grow to love him: I may still, though heaven knows it will be hard, after this. But I have given him my word, and must not break it. It is too late to bridge over the past, Captain Warren."

"Minnie, Minnie, you cannot mean it!"

"But I *do*, Lute! You must see that it is the only way for me to do. Now leave me, in Heaven's name. I am glad to know that you were not untrue to me, but we must part, must never meet again. Now go."

The crimson curtain that hung before the deep bay window stirred, was pushed aside, and a man stepped forth. A blue-eyed man, with a flowing blonde beard, and a sweet, tender, yet firm mouth.

"No, he must not go, Minnie," he said gently. "Pardon me for having been innocently an eaves-dropper. I came here an hour ago to read, and fell asleep over my book. I was awakened by your voices, and have heard enough of your conversation to understand the circumstances. I do love you dearly, Minnie, as you say, and have long loved you. I love you too well to see your happiness sacrificed to my selfishness, or your own overwrought ideas of honor and duty. This man loves you—you love him. He has the first and best right to you. Mine is but secondary. You have both suffered enough, God knows. Be happy now," and he placed her hand in Lucius's. "No, do not speak, and do not pity me; I shall find ways to be happy. The world is full of sunshine, and I shall find it. I am not misanthropic. Captain Warren, God bless you! I hope to be a welcome guest at your home, in the days to come."

The two men clasped hands, and then Godfrey Young went out, and left them alone.

And so Kate's dying wish was granted. And, if angels do look down upon the dear ones left behind, as she fancied, she can look upon *her* two dear ones together, as she hoped to.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1871.

HALF A CENTURY.

If our readers will look at the dates on the first page of this week's paper, they will see that this is the FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY of THE POST, it having been begun on August 4, 1821, and published, according to our count, 2610 numbers.

If we may believe the kind words of our friends and subscribers, THE POST never was fuller of life and vigor, and more interesting than it is now. And we hope to maintain always its established reputation for excellence, and when our hands and eyes fail, to pass the editorial staff over to those who will still preserve its olden position in the front rank of the American weekly press.

SALT LAKE CITY.—It is only fair to say, in reference to Justin McCarthy's "*Lochinvar at Salt Lake*," published in THE POST last week, that so far as he describes Salt Lake City as a dirty and squalid place, he manifests either great ignorance or great prejudice.

A lady friend of ours, who is no friend to Polygamy, who has but recently returned from a tour to California, says that she met with no cleaner, nicer-kept town in her absence than Salt Lake City. Truth is truth, and Mr. McCarthy has weakened and not strengthened the force of his article, by stating that which so many know to be incorrect.

Fleas.

Whence came the fleas? or using the language of the Evolutionists, through what chain of being can we trace the flea to its origin? Some trace the descent of fleas from a remote and very unsavory origin, but we will rest content with a more romantic legend.

Amongst the Kurds, a tradition is preserved that when Noah's ark sprang a leak, by striking against a rock in the vicinity of Mount Sindshar, and Noah despaired altogether of safety, the serpent promised to help him out of his mishap if he would engage to feed him upon human flesh after the deluge had subsided. Noah pledged himself to do so; and the serpent, coiling himself up, drove his body into the fracture, and stopped the leak. When the pluvious element was appeased, and all were making their way out of the ark, the serpent insisted upon the fulfilment of the pledge he had received; but Noah, by Gabrial's advice, committed the serpent to the flames, and scattering its ashes in the air, there arose out of them fleas, flies, lice, bugs, and all such sort of vermin as prey upon human blood.

☞ The "Howe" family in the United States are to have a gathering at South Framingham, Mass., August 31st. The sewing machine Howes will probably be prominent.

☞ A Wisconsin lady, Miss Terry, has reached the excessive age of one hundred and four, which has caused it to be said—of course by a newspaper man—that she is an ancient mye-tery.

☞ The Washington Star thinks De Tocqueville was of no account as an "interviewer." In his work on Democracy in America he wrote concerning "interviews" held with prominent Americans: "All those confidential communications were recorded by me as I received them; but they will never go beyond my portfolio. I prefer to weaken the effect of my statements, than to add my name to the list of travellers who repay by mortification and embarrassment the generous hospitality they have received."

☞ WHERE'S MRS. STANTON?—The last wrinkle of the insurance companies is their refusal to insure females against accidents on railroads and steamboats. The excuse of the companies is that, when an alarm of fire is raised on a railroad car or steamboat, the ladies are usually thrown into such a state of terror that accidents are almost sure to follow; and that the losses in the past, under this head, have been very much greater than the gains. Risks against killing outright they still accept, while declining to insure against partial injury.

☞ "Papa, is a vice one of those strong iron things that takes hold with such a grip, and gets tighter and tighter at every turn until it can't?" "Yes, my son, and if you are wise you will keep out of them."

☞ A druggist in New Hampshire threatened the local paper with a suit for putting an "f" in the place of an "s" in his advertisement of grape pills.

THE INEVITABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY GIPSY WILDE.

Rest, rest, rest! Is there such a thing for the human? Can it be found among the human? Every life has its reign of anguish; sometimes its era, oftener a wide-stretching Gethsemane, with rare and fitful dashes of sunlight; then the soul is in Paradise.

There are beings so happily constituted as to possess a superfluity of buoyancy; such may struggle even through midnight, and yet the few stars that break through the blackness so illumine their hearts and souls and faces, that the world calls them "blessed." Then there are those defiant, stoical, skeptical beings, who have been ground and ground till the heart itself is a millstone. Gloomy and solitary, hating sympathy, trusting none, expecting nothing, hoping nothing, scorning the sunshine doled to them in pittances, dark as Lucifer—they hug their grimness to their hearts, teaching themselves and the world to believe them dead to every tender impulse, every desire for affection; despising the voice that whispers "forget," and yet not daring to rake up the dead leaves of the past, lest they find a bright or a fadeless flower; neither accepting nor trying to rise above it, they defy; and surely this is but another form of serfdom to the inevitable.

Then again there are those whose sad eyes and white, worn faces speak to us ever of a life of tears and bondage to grief, who with a burden on their backs, a wail on their lips, take not ever the sackcloth from their hearts and lives. Be the few lines that creep through the dark woof ever so golden; be the few ripples that sparkle above the tidal woe ever so sheeny; be the flowers that peep through the jutted cliffs ever so peerless; and the stars above ever so radiant, they see all through an opaque glass.

Yet there come to all, times when our eyes *must* follow the inevitable; while the wheel rolls on heavy and crushing, gathering burden after burden and cross after cross, we are bound to open the heart-leaves and read what bows our heads low in the dust. There come to all times when the heart and soul grow weary and sick; when the conviction is forced upon us that nowhere can we find rest, nowhere be that tumult comes not. Oh! the unfathomable mystery of life. Know the world, comprehend the human; it is but unbarring the gate to the great highway of multiplied woes and perils. Seek knowledge; it is but learning the secrets of evil and its concomitant suffering; it is taking the anguish-bitterness of sin's dower to us, not always by experience, but in the consciousness that there exists that which we would not.

And must this be? Is there no remedy? Must we grasp the night flower of ignorance, or else bear ever upon our brows the impress of pain? Must we be chained to the flesh? Dare we not look on evil, unless we err? Dare we not know the foibles and inconsistencies of the human unless we stumble? Must we be held helpless and powerless, lest we fall? Must we walk blindfold, fettered and mute, lest we wade through the slough of wrong—human weakness? Must we be so wedded to grief and sorrow, losses and crosses, that we cannot raise our eyes to the cold, radiant splendor that gleams from the far-off Isle of Avalon? Is there nothing higher, nothing nobler for God's children? Yes! With His guidance and our own strength of soul and will and purpose, we may bury the sorrow of our lives, and from its ashes and deadness will spring rare and radiant flowers, whose every white leaf turned heavenward will bear the impress of peace. Yes, possessing the amulet of true faith and true purity the soul is sentinel over the body; but this is not of earth, but alone from God. With a sure hope of a Beyond, a sure promise of the Eternal, we may have all the honor and renown that the true and earnest worker desires, and it is well, and it is happiness; but having all the glory the world can give and having not the Refuge, having no hope of a blessed Immortality, having not the "peace that cometh from God," what have we? Nothing! And what have we after "life's fitful fever has burned?"

Good Meals no Trifle.

One of the most fatal mistakes that I know of in household economy is a neglect of, or indifference to, the influence of little things. "Oh, it's only a trifle," is a saying, which, acted on, has wrecked the comfort of many a home.

It was a trifling fault in Mrs. Tilt's servant, which her mistress was too much occupied to remonstrate against, remedy, or prevent, that she seldom put the kettle lid on close and tight, so that the water became smoky; and poor Mr. Tilt, a delicate man, unwilling to annoy his otherwise excellent wife by complaining of trifles, often was unable to relish his breakfast. Unrefreshed, and therefore uncomfortable, he began his long day's desk-work at his office in the city, and wondered at his feeling sinking, and yet with no appetite *for food* at mid-day. He must have something; a little stimulant will set him right, he thinks, and give him working power for awhile, and so the daily dram becomes a daily necessity, and then it loses its effect unless increased, and Mr. Tilt loses his relish for solid food, and becomes thinner and weaker every day, until people exclaim: "Desk-work is killing poor Tilt."

"I wish he could eat such a breakfast as I do," says a vigorous man, quite as old and as hard-worked as Tilt. Tilt might have answered, had he seen the well-spread and well-served breakfast-table of his acquaintance: "I wish I had such a breakfast to eat."

Tea, coffee, or cocoa, smoking, not smoky. Good appetizing bread and butter, wholesome, well-cooked, well-served simple relishes to promote the appetite at the cheery morning meal, send the consumer out on his brisk walk to business so satisfied and well, that the toils of the day are cheerfully encountered, healthy appetite at accustomed hours comes, and night finds him wearied, certainly, but not exhausted. Surely any cause that spoils the appetite for breakfast is not really a trifle.

☞ Sea-bathing is a valuable tonic if properly taken, unless there is too much debility.

☞ One day a little girl, about five years old, heard a preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother, and beconing the maternal ear to a speaking distance, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God, he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS PYECROFT'S INVITATIONS.

Whenever a stranger appeared at Broadmead, there was an immediate round of festivities. It made a pleasant change in the visiting circle.

Whether the amusement to be obtained were great or not, no one in Broadmead, excepting Jasper Seaton, ever thought of declining an invitation. There could be no prior engagement pleaded, society being too limited to allow of more than one *re-union* on the same evening.

Therefore, when invitations were sent out, it was with a moral certainty of their being accepted—Jasper Seaton alone giving the excitement of a doubt in the matter.

"I hope that Jasper Seaton will not decline," said Miss Pyecroft, as she sealed her last note; for Miss Pyecroft continued to seal her notes with the seal ring once belonging to her father, and which bore on its cornelian surface the arms of the family.

"There's not much fear," observed Miss Letty; "he's been going everywhere lately, since Di has visited. They are wonderfully good friends now; and she walks about with him as much as she used to do with Mr. Carteret."

"I should not be surprised if, after all, she marries Jasper," said Miss Sophia.

"Nor I," answered Letty; "unless she's only flirting."

"Do you think the Signora would come?" asked Miss Sophia. "She never goes anywhere, and is so shy with every one except Diana.

"She is never invited anywhere. Besides, when *I* decide upon a thing, it is usually accomplished," responded Miss Pyecroft, autocratically.

And Miss Pyecroft retiring to her business room, Miss Sophia and Miss Letitia proceeded further to discuss the merits of their sister's scheme, and to await with anxiety the answer from the Manor House. Mrs. Seaton always sent a reply at once; therefore there was not much delay, as the distance between Brierly House and the Manor House was inconsiderable.

Mrs. Seaton's answer was favorable. Di would come, and Jasper would come.

"And there was just as much chance of Diana's declining as of Jasper's, if we had only thought of it," said Miss Sophia. "She's as full of whims as ever; and I really don't think she's been quite herself ever since Mr. Carteret went."

"She has been quieter," answered Miss Letty; "and she has been regularly to church."

"So has Jasper.

"Yes; I wonder why. I always supposed that he was an atheist. He did not come to church for years."

"Perhaps Di's example," said Miss Sophia.

Miss Letty looked thoughtful.

"I think, if I were a girl, I should prefer Mr. Carteret. There is something very kind and gentle about him."

At this crisis, Miss Pyecroft, with her bonnet on, was seen walking down the garden path.

"Rebecca is going to invite Signor Neri and his sister. I wonder if she will come," exclaimed Miss Sophia.

"I am afraid not; she's too shy."

"I wonder what the Crawfords and Mrs. Seaton will think of it."

"They can't think anything wrong that Rebecca does."

"No."

And Miss Pyecroft proceeded on her mission.

Whether she would have succeeded in it if Diana had not been there, is doubtful; but Diana, having worked Jasper round to a better appreciation of the Neris, was at the present moment bent upon making every one else appreciate them also. Not that she set any value upon any one in Broadmead, but she had conceived the design of placing the Neris on what she deemed their proper footing in society.

"Which you won't do, Di," said Jasper, after having listened patiently to a long exordium in praise of her friends. "It isn't in the constituted nature of things."

"Then it ought to be."

"Liberty, equality, and fraternity, Di," said Jasper, laughing. "You are a regular little red republican. You will get turned out of Broadmead society yourself instead of advancing others in it."

"I shouldn't care if I was," she replied; and I don't know what a red republican is. But I don't believe in equality and fraternity—at least, not in this world. What a terrible thing it would be!"

"And in the world to come?"

"Jasper, I am serious," she answered, reprovingly. "I don't know what to think about the world to come. That is one of my difficulties."

"What is?"

"The fraternity. Miss Pyecroft, Dr. Crawford, and all the people I don't like—I can't think I shall feel glad to see them there."

"Perhaps you won't."

"I really think that I could get to like positive sinners better. One might pity decided sinners, so that in time one's pity might grow into a sort of love. I hope it is not very wrong to feel as I do."

"I hope not," said Jasper, rather earnestly.

"Do you feel the same, Jasper?" asked Diana, again struck by some fancied parallel between herself and Jasper.

"Which set do you consider that I belong to, Di?" he asked, half seriously.

"Perhaps not exactly to either. Of course, you are no better than I am; perhaps even not quite so good as I have been since I knew John Carteret—at least, I mean," she added, qualifyingly, "that you do not try to believe in as much as I do."

He laughed a little bitterly.

"But I know you are quite, quite honest—and that is a great deal!" she said eagerly.

He started.

"Am I?"

"Yes. I have no belief in half the *good* people of Broadmead, and I have in you. I do not believe you would do anything mean or dishonorable. I know precisely how bad and good you are.

The contracted expression came into Jasper's pale face, that flushed slightly as she spoke.

"Have I vexed you?" she asked. "I did not intend to do so; but I always put myself and you together as the outcasts of Broadmead religious respectability—always doing what we ought not to do, and leaving undone what we ought to do. And yet," she concluded, in a burst of illogical summing up, "no worse than any one else."

Jasper Seaton, in spite of the contending feelings within him, could not forbear smiling.

"You are not much of a reasoner, Di."

"Yet what I say is true. I always think that there is something untrue in a great deal of the reasoning that sounds very plausible."

Again something in her speech touched Jasper, for a quick shade of annoyance passed over his countenance.

"You are growing better, Jasper. I am quite sure that you are," she said, consolingly. "You have been so different since Madame de Mouline died. I think deaths make us all better, in some way that I cannot explain. Madame de Mouline was very good. Perhaps she watches you now."

And Di looked dreamily into space, as though it needed but the touch of an invisible finger to rend the veil that kept the dead from sight.

Jasper turned away. There was something that evidently distressed him in the tone the conversation had taken. And Diana regretted having mentioned the name of his sister, of whom he had been very fond.

"Perhaps, if Anne had lived, I should have been better," he said, abruptly. "I don't think that her death has helped me much." And he left Diana trying to recollect what she could have said that had so palpably disturbed Jasper—but to no avail.

There was certainly a change in Jasper. He had softened very much—his temper was more under control; and he had endeavored to smooth down the asperities of Mrs. Seaton, who had lately grown exceedingly irritable. He had even defended John Carteret in her constant attacks of him; but, somehow, his defence always broke down, and John Carteret always lost a little through his arguments. Still Diana felt that he meant kindly; and though she knew that he regarded John Carteret's declining the settlement, and his offer to free Diana from her engagement, with suspicion, yet he had never said anything disagreeable to her upon the subject, his views being more shadowed forth than openly declared. Then, too, Jasper, if he pleased, could make himself very agreeable, even fascinating. Those who disliked him most did him this injustice. Miss Pyecroft herself, though she was usually at war with him; had acknowledged, on one or two occasions, that Jasper Seaton could make himself as pleasant as most people if he only chose, and that it was a great pity that he was not aware how popular he might make himself with very little trouble.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DIANA AND THE SIGNORA.

"*Carissima*, I cannot go."

"But you have accepted, Signorina."

"I tried with my full heart to say no, *carissima;* but that woman *terrible* did insist that she would not hear it. And Giuseppe, it is no more pleasure to him than to me."

"Ah! but what shall I do if you are not there? I shall have no pleasure then, and I have been dreaming all night of the party. If you do not go, I will not go either. I will go up now to Miss Pyecroft, and tell her that we have all changed our minds."

Signor Neri smiled.

"That might be worse, Orsola," said he, turning to his sister; "for then would arrive your Miss Pyecroft *terrible*, and would what she calls argue the point, than which is nothing more fatal to one's peace."

"Of course she would, *maestro;* and she would stay for hours and hours, until she made you see that it was the most necessary thing in the world for you to go; and so you would go in the end, after having endured the long lecture; and, therefore, you may just as well go without having it. What are you going to wear, Signorina?" And she faced suddenly round upon her friend.

"I do not know."

And Signora glanced down at her long black dress.

"I wear but one kind," she said.

"Yes," replied Diana, "but you are not going to wear that this evening. You must open some of your old trunks, and bring out the treasures that are lying there."

Signora Neri shook her head.

"To please me," said Diana. "Every one that loves me, pleases me. And there are not many, Signorina."

"I do, *carina.*"

"And therefore I may go with you, and find the wonderful dress that is hidden under folds of soft paper; and you will let me be like the fairy godmother who made Cinderella all ready for the ball? *Maestro*, have I not your permission to make the Signorina do everything I wish her to do?"

The old man smiled.

"No one can withstand *madamigella*," he answered; "she ever has her way."

"And I will sing my best to-night, though there will be no one to care for it but you and Jasper. And I will play the accompaniments to your violin to perfection; I can if I like. The inspiration will come into my fingers—it is there already, *maestro*—listen!" And she ran over a brilliant prelude on the piano. "Is not that good? I am in heart and tune to-day."

"*Bravissima!*—it is *divina!*" said Signor Neri, his eyes glistening.

"Yes, we will have a little concert to ourselves, *maestro*. We can play ourselves into the seventh heaven, far above the stupid people at the party; and the Signorina will listen to us, and we shall lend her part of our wings, so that she may mount up with us. There is a new life for music in me to-day. Listen again;" and, placing her hand on Signor Neri's shoulder, she burst forth—

"Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white;
Take me ——
Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh! take me to your care."

"I shall sing that to-night, *maestro*."

But Signor Neri's eyes were dim with tears.

"The Lord is good," he said, "who has given me, far away from mine own Italy, to hear the voice of an angel."

"*Maestro! maestro!*" exclaimed Diana, holding up her finger, "you will make me so vain that I shall not know what to do. Isn't it very wrong, Signorina, when I am trying all the time so hard to be humble? But now," she said, drawing the Signora towards the door, "you will let me see that wonderful dress, will you not?"

The Signora suffered Diana to have her way.

"I remember the box well—it has large brass clasps, and a funny old lock, and an oddly shaped key. Yes, that is it!" and Diana selected a key from the bunch Signora Neri produced.

"How delightful!" she continued, as she opened the box and caught sight of the folds of a black velvet dress. "Signorina, I believe that you have been putting it at the top, so that you may have no trouble about it this evening."

"Indeed—but, *carissima*," answered Signora Neri, earnestly, "it has been there always. But it is in too old a fashion."

"Not in the least. It is foreign—it will look distinguished. You could not have your dresses in the fashion of Miss Pyecroft or Mrs. Crawford. It would be entirely out of taste. Imagine yourself in Miss Pyecroft's black satin and best cap! What would you look like?"

And overcome with the thought, Diana sank down laughing by the side of the huge trunk.

"I should look droll," answered the Signora.

"Yes, my *maestro* would scarcely know you. No, this dress is much more graceful, and this lace is exquisite. I shall put some round the throat and sleeves. It is like Vandyke's lace. Signorina, you will look like a picture."

"It is from Venice," said Signora Neri, looking with slightly awakened interest into the trunk. "So also the fan. Ah! and that bracelet—it is long since I did place it on my arm."

"It must go to-night; and I shall try to find a red rose in the conservatory—or a camelia might do. You will be like a Florentine or a Venetian picture. I shall think you have walked into the room from some old Italian gallery."

And Diana rapidly set aside the things that struck her fancy.

"Not the fan, *carissima*—it is too cold to-day."

"Oh, that is not of the slightest consequence; the fan is in keeping with the costume."

"You do forget, *carina*, that I am an old woman."

"Quite, Signorina," replied Diana. "You have something that makes perpetual youth in you. It is only such people as Miss Pyecroft who grow old. It is the material world that batters us so terribly—the living so close down to the earth."

But Signora Neri laid the fan aside.

"No, *carina*, it is not suited. It has been in my hands when they were young; and behind it have I my thoughts many times hidden. There is much that does link itself with such a toy. So it is that one loves it."

"Did you ever flirt, Signorina?" asked Diana, looking up from the ground.

Signora Neri's face slightly clouded.

"One is foolish sometimes in youth," she said, after a little hesitation. "*Carissima*, do not play with the heart of any—it gives a long regret."

Diana was sorry that she had asked the question, but an irresistible impulse seized her to make the inquiry.

The Signora, as she was always called in Broadmead, must have been very pretty in her youth: her features were fine and delicate, and there was a sweet, calm expression—the result of long discipline—that was perhaps the most beautiful part of her face, and gave the ever-young idea of her to which Diana had alluded.

"I ought not to have said what I did," said Diana.

The Signora smiled, and patted Diana's cheek.

"It gives me no wound, *carissima*," she replied. "In the picture galleries that are in the heart so immortal, one loves some sketches more than others. Some are as gems so precious, that one over them draws a curtain. So it is! If one has grieved, it has been that some joy, some beauty is marred; but still, *carina*, the beauty there has for once been, and so is it everlasting in the soul. Now and then do I look back, and gather it up again. Then say I, once did Our Lady make my pathway bright with a great light. And the light went out when she saw fit."

Diana's lips were on the point of unclosing again to say—"I don't believe you ever really flirted, Signorina," when Signora Neri again spoke.

"I was young and pretty, *carina*, and I had a lover. Ercolo was his name. Ercolo was grave and earnest, and liked not that I should laugh and talk with others; and though I did love, I was willing to hear my praise from all. I liked that all should admire; and I made pretence of not caring for Ercolo—though of him I thought by night and day. I knew not it would end as it did. Ercolo went away and I lost him. He married, but he was not happy. I was not happy, but I never married. Ercolo died long ago; and I pray even until now for his soul! He is nearer to me than he was in life; and it will be all as it should be some time. But, *carissima*, do not do likewise."

"I never shall," said Diana, very energetically, thinking of John Carteret. And then, half ashamed of the emphasis she had thrown upon her words, she said, apologetically, "but I am not likely to be tempted; there is no one in Broadmead for me to flirt with. And even if there were, I am not so pretty as you were, Signorina."

The Signora bent an inquisitive gaze on her companion. She looked intently into the eyes that looked up so earnestly into hers.

"*Carina*, if the temptation do come, cast it away," she said, so gravely and earnestly, that Diana involuntarily answered,

"Amen."

Then suddenly she roused up to the business in hand.

"The carriage shall come for you to-night," she said, going on with her arrangements.

The signora shook her head.

"*Carissima*, thou hast no carriage. It is Mrs. Seaton's."

"It is Jasper's," said Diana, laughing. "And I can do anything I like with what is Jasper's. You do not know how good and kind he is. So very good!"

Signora Neri gave a searching glance once more at Diana. But Diana was calmly contemplating the fan.

"I think John has made us all better at Broadmead," she observed, meditatively. "Souldn't you like to hear him preach, Signorina? When he comes at Christmas, you will come to church just once, to hear him?"

"Is Mr. Carteret coming then at Christmas?"

"Yes."

"That is well," said Signora Neri, thoughtfully.

"But this has nothing to do with the carriage." And Diana started up. "What time shall it be here?"

"At no time. I go in the sedan-chair, and Giuseppe will walk."

"No."

"*Si, si, carissima*—it must be so."

Diana looked a little vexed. Then she brightened up again, saying,

"Perhaps it is better. It will be something like a gondola.

Signora Neri smiled.

"Not so smooth, *carissima*."

"No. Jennings and Mason make great waves in carrying it. And yet do you know, Signorina, I would rather go in it than in the smoothest running carriage. I shall quite envy you—for I do like that old sedan-chair. I sometimes think I will write a story of the old ladies who left it as a legacy to Broadmead—of the rights of Jennings and Mason to be bearers—and of the hearts that have fluttered with hope as they went in it to a party, and how they have come home drooping and downcast. Signorina, I think a pretty story might be told of it. Some day I shall go and sit in it, and fall asleep, and dream it all over. It looks very lonely in Miss Pyecroft's great coach-house, that poor little sedan-chair, in the middle of it, and nothing else—not even an old saddle or bridle. What a pity there are no fairies in the world!" said Diana, in abrupt conclusion.

"Why, *carissima?*" ask Signora Neri, in some surprise.

Diana laughed.

"I am foolish to-day, Signorina, but I am so happy. I don't know why, but it seems as though some joy-secret were being whispered through the earth; and that, if the birds, and trees, and waters could only speak, they would tell me what it was—as though Persephone," she added, thinking of the tapestry in her lost *Paradise*, "were trying to send some message to the upper world. Some more thread, Signorina, if you please," said Diana, descending from her flight. "This lace looks lovely on the velvet, and this piece will do for the sleeves—if I may cut it?"

"As you please."

"Your are a charming Signorina. Mrs. Seaton won't have old lace cut if she can help it, so it always goes on her dresses in the same way. I should get quite tired of it. There, all is ready now. I wish I could come and help you to dress; but Bessy is very neat-handed. No—you must wear the bracelet."

But Signora Neri dexterously obtained possession of it, and clasped it round Diana's wrist.

"There," she said, "the bracelet shall be seen at Miss Pyecroft's, but it must be on another arm."

"Oh! Signorina, it is too beautiful." And Diana gazed admiringly on the exquisite workmanship displayed in the finely wrought gold.

"Not so—it pleases me to see it on thy arm, *carina mia;* and it will please Giuseppe also."

Signora Neri watched Diana as she tripped down the garden path, and out into the lane, where she met with Jasper Seaton, who had just been across the rectory fields shooting.

Diana was evidently scolding him for his hard-hearted expedition, and he was laughingly defending himself.

There was a glow upon his pale features that gave an unusual animation to them, and caused Signora Neri to observe to her brother—

"Mr. Seaton is handsome—almost, Giuseppe."

"To-day, quite," answered Signor Neri.

"I wonder how it will be," murmured the Signora. "The child has yet a child's heart."

"No," replied Signor Neri; "not so, Orsola. The divine depths of her voice tell me that her soul has come to her. She is no longer a child."

"But, Giuseppe, voices are divine that belong to children. I remember one angel chorister who was but a child—how sweet, how heavenly his voice! Do you remember, Giuseppe?"

"I remember, Orsola; but it was as the voice of cherubim and seraphim, not of a soul born to the earth, that must be pierced with the sorrow of the Master—that apprehends, that flutters up to heaven, yet feels of earth; that knows its humanity, and is struggling up to God. I could have wept, Orsola, at her tones to-day. He that lives in music, as I do, can tell these intonations, even as the sounds of various instruments: he can detect the untuned string, the false tone and the true. To the keen ear of the musician is there no deception. Her life is come, and every breath of outer life speaks of it unto her. And more, Orsola—the magician that weaves the web whose warp is sunlight, and whose woof the tissue of the rainbow, has placed his seal upon her heart, and locked therein a treasure that half guides her voice."

He spoke rapidly in his own language; and his sister, still following out her own meditations, asked—

"Then will it be Mr. Carteret?"

"Orsola!—who else?" returned the old man.

"Mr. Seaton is kind, is handsome, is rich—"

"Orsola!" And the old man's voice spoke reproachfully.

"Giuseppe!"

"The child is an angel."

"Ah! Giuseppe—she is also a woman;" and Signora Neri sighed, and her fingers moved over her rosary.

Perchance, as she told her beads, she thought of Diana and John Carteret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Gen. R. K. Scott states that he recently found on a plantation near Charleston, S. C., a man working as a common field hand who was highly cultivated, and capable of speaking and writing ten languages, Greek and Arabic among them. He earned so little that he was forced to teach school in the evening to support himself in the simplest manner.

☞ The Census returns show that for thirty years there have been in this country eighty neat cattle to each hundred of the population. Of these eight should be working oxen and twenty-eight milch cows.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—18,000 bbls sold at from $5,@5,25 for superfine; $5,31@5,44 for extra; Indiana extra at $6; Wisconsin extra family at $6,50@6,87½; Minnesota do at 7@7,25; Penna do, at 5,75@6,87½; Ohio do at $6,75@7,25, and high grades at $7,50@8,75. Rye Flour sold at $5,52@5,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—6000 bus old Western red sold at $1,40@1,42; new do at $1,35@1,38; new Southern at $1,30@1,35; new Penna at 1,25@1,35; amber at $1,43@1,48, and white at $1,50@1,55. Rye—Sales at 75c for new Western. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bus including yellow at 70@72c, 10,000 bus Western high mixed at 68@70c, and 4000 bus white at 71@73. Oats—Sales 40,000 bus old Western at 65@70c; new Southern at 55@58c, and 7,0 bus black at 53c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $15@15,50 ₩ bbl. Westhmen's city packed extra Mess Beef at $17,50. Beef Hams $23@28. Bacon—Sales of plain sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15c; sides at 8¾@9¾c, and shoulders at 7½@7¾c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12½@13½c; sides at 8@8½c and shoulders, in salt, at 6½@6½c. Lard—Sales at 10¾@10¾c for city and Western and steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of factory at 10@11c. Butter—Sales of fresh pails at 25@28c, and choice at 22@24c. Eggs sell at 19@20c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 280 bales Middlings at 20¾c for Upland, and 21c for New Orleans.

BARK—100 hhds first quality No 1 Quercitron sold at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sells at 25@26c ₩ lb for Yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—sales at 4@7¾. Green Peaches from 50c to $1,25 ₩ basket.

HOPS—Sales of Prime at 13@16c, and yearlings at 7@9c.

IRON—Pig Iron—1500 tons sold at $23 for No 1 Foundry, $33 for No 2. Bar Iron is held at $75, and Scotch Pig $33@34 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover seed we quote at 9¾@10c. Timothy $4,50@5. Flaxseed at $2.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 7¼@8¾ cents ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $35 to $50 ₩ head. Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5½c ₩ lb. 2650 Hogs sold at from $7¾ o $7,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
ap23-tf 87 Maiden Lane, New York.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from all parts of the body *in five minutes without injury to the skin*, by DYOTT'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, No 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. may 27-13t

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE.

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes* and effects a speedy cure. Price $1 by mail. Address, S. C. UPHAM, 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. may27 13t

Debility and Emaciation

Both result from the lack of ability to convert the food into nutriment. How necessary, then, for those suffering from these alarming symptoms to immediately resort to a remedy that will strengthen the stomach and digestive organs. For, as soon as this desirable object has been accomplished the health improves, and the patient resumes his usual personal appearance. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS have attained a world-wide popularity in such cases, and have been proven the best and safest means of removing constipation, toning the stomach, giving energy to the liver, and relieving every symptom of nervousness and depression of spirits. Its cheering and beneficial effects are highly spoken of by thousands, who owe to it their restoration to health. No restorative in the annals of medicine has attained the same popularity in the short space of time it has been before the public, or has won the high endorsements accorded to this excellent tonic. Many other preparations, purporting to be correctives and restoratives, have been introduced, and have perished one by one, while the popularity of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS continues to increase, and is now recognized as a standard household medicine. The success which attends the use of the Bitters evinces at once its virtues in all cases of debility and disease of the stomach. Certificates, almost without number, have been published, attesting its truly miraculous power in removing those painful and fearful diseases. And at this time it seems idle to do more than call attention to the great remedy of the age, in order to awaken public attention to its excellence. It is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it is therefore worthy of the consideration of the afflicted. au5-4t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION*. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8 6m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his "**Family Physician,**" 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may13-1y

The Prettiest Woman in New York society, last winter, was a rough-skinned, freckled-faced lady in Dayton, O., but one year ago. She used Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon her face and hands with such persistency, that her complexion became her greatest attraction. It will do the same for any one. It will obliterate Sallowness, Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sunburn, &c., give a marble-like complexion, and perpetuate the bloom of youth for years. What the Magnolia Balm is to the complexion, Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon is to the hair. It not only beautifies the hair, but stimulates its growth, and prevents it from falling out or turning gray. All Druggists keep these articles. jy15-3m

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu

Is a certain cure for diseases of the Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness General Debility, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating and no matter of how long standing. Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our Flesh and Blood are supported from these sources, and the health and happiness and that of posterity depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU, established upwards of 20 years, prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Practical and Analytical Chemist,
594 Broadway, New York, and
104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Interesting to Ladies.

Having used the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for *eight years*, I feel that I can recommend it to the public, and safely say it is the best machine in use, it having required no repairs in that time, and were I to have another, it would be the Grover & Baker.

Mrs. J. A. CHASE,
Akron, O.

Burnett's Cocoaline needs only to be tried. It dresses the hair beautifully.

"MY WIFE."

What is my wife like? Stay and hear.
Her eyes are soft, and dark, and brown;
Limpid and lustrous, and as clear
As stars from Heaven shining down
On this dull world. And for her size—
She's not so tall but she must raise
Her lips to mine, and I can gaze
Right downwards in those loving eyes.
Her hair is like a veil of light,
All crisply, golden, soft, and fair;
And falling round her shoulders white
In waving masses, rich and rare.
Her hands! what artist e'er could paint?
So dainty-tipped, so small and thin:
Soft-palmed, and sweet with perfumes faint,
And white as wax the satin skin.
And then her foot is slender, small,
And arching like a serpent's crest:
The semblance likes me not at all,
So choose the simile you best
Admire. But gaze not over-bold:
My wife is but a modest girl,
As true as steel and pure as gold,
Though fair as Ocean's fairest pearl.
And can you guess her greatest charm?—
A rare one, too; but be it known,
In heart, and soul, and mind, my wife
Is mine—all mine, and mine alone.

THE TORY BROTHERS.

A Tale of the Delaware Valley

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNWELCOME PROPOSALS.

It was two days after the arrest of the Lieutenant. Grace Graham still remained in the home of her friends, it being unsafe for her to attempt to return to her father's, and she not desiring to do so as long as her lover was exposed to such danger. No communication had passed between them, and she was in ignorance of his whereabouts, an endeavor made by Mr. May to obtain such information resulting only in his receiving a warning to interest himself no more in the fate of the "young rebel."

He had not been arraigned so far for the part he had taken in the prisoner's behalf, though he feared that the protection that had been extended to the young officer would be made, at young Chambers's instigation, a ground for proceedings against him. How was it that nothing had been done?

The family of Mr. May were in the sitting-room up stairs discussing the position of affairs, and endeavoring to assure themselves that the Lieutenant would be treated leniently, and that nothing would result from their own kindness to him. Yet Mr. May was known to be a zealous patriot, and was in disfavor with several powerful tory families of the city.

"A gentleman—an officer—to see Miss Graham."

A servant entered with these words. All looked surprised, particularly Grace, whose sad face brightened afterward with a half-hope, and then became shadowed with deeper apprehension.

"Who can it be?" she said. "I have no acquaintances in the city who would appear at this time."

"He did not give his name, miss, but said as how he would be pleased to see you at your convenience," said the servant.

"Tell him I will be down."

The servant departed, and Grace prepared to descend. Who could the gentleman be—an officer—a British officer—certainly not Major Langley, whom she had met before the war. Another name occurred to her—but surely it could not be he.

She entered the parlor. A young man rose to meet her—it was Lieutenant Chambers. Grace paused in painful confusion. Chambers ignored it, bowing respectfully.

"Lieutenant Chambers"—she gave him his evident title—"this is unexpected to me. To what—"

"Pardon me, Miss Graham," he said, interrupting her; "I know I have taken a great liberty, but we were neighbors once, and I might say friends before these troubles began. Let us be friends still, though our views and position are different."

"I am sure," returned the young lady, motioning him to a seat, "that I would be happy to have the old relation restored." She was doubly surprised at his conciliatory words and respectful manner. "At the same time," she continued, "I fear I shall be unable to regard with the kindest feelings—I must speak plainly—one who in the hour of his country's peril could offer himself to her enemies against her."

The young man flushed, and a momentary look of anger shone in his eyes.

"As I said, Miss Graham, our views are different. Through my father I have influence with officers of high rank in the army. Your friend, Mr. May, has seriously compromised himself by his course from the beginning of this struggle, and especially by his recent action toward a suspected individual."

Grace turned deadly pale.

"My visits here," continued young Chambers, rising, "will serve to avert any possible danger to himself as the consequence of his act. I shall be happy to see you again, Miss Graham. For the present, good-evening."

The coolness of the young tory was astounding. He had departed, but had invited himself to come again. Grace went up stairs and related what had taken place. What could be the secret of his magnanimity? The reader will perhaps guess that young Chambers admired the fair patriot—and hoped, when her accepted lover should be gone, to win her as his wife. He had self-assurance enough to convince him that she would after a time yield to his wishes. His visits were repeated, and though entirely unwelcome, it was thought best that they should be received, since if he were denied the house he would take revenge on Mr. May. His presence was in a manner a protection. When questioned by Mr. May as to Lieutenant Warner, he at first professed to be ignorant of what disposition had been made of the prisoner, but at last stated that he was held as a suspected spy, adding that it was at Lewis Doane's instigation that he had been arrested. How much of this to believe Mr. May knew not, but he feared that the situation of his young friend was a precarious one. He did not inform Grace of the full danger to which her lover was exposed, for he knew that the poor girl would have her distress most painfully increased. He merely told her that the Lieutenant was still confined in the city. But she was at last to be acquainted with the whole truth.

The weeks passed on. It was winter. Chambers had continued his visits or calls rather at the house of Mr. May, where Grace still was. She had managed to communicate with her father and sister, and had been advised to remain with her friends till the enemy left the city.

At last the tory Lieutenant imagined that he had made so much progress in Grace's favor that he ventured a proposal of marriage. He had greatly mistaken the situation. From being at first disliked and feared by the family he had come at last to be tolerated. There was something attractive in the young man, though he was not one a pure young girl would choose. Grace had foreseen his intentions in his repeated visits. Faithful as from the first to her absent and imprisoned lover, she rejected his suit with unmistakable decision. She commanded him never to mention the subject again, if he continued his coming to the house, which she could not forbid, though she did not encourage it. The young man flew into a furious passion when his proposal was declined. He declared that it was the rebel Lieutenant that stood in his way; told her of his situation; and swore he would yet possess her at any cost. Grace, greatly terrified, especially on her lover's account, could only leave the room in tears. Chambers departed with a look in his face that told of evil.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DARK HOUR.

It was now mid-winter. Washington and his army were encamped at Valley Forge, a deep and rugged hollow, twenty miles northwest from Philadelphia. The sufferings of that dreadful winter we need not recount. Troops from each particular state had their quarters together in a temporary village of log huts. Thousands had no blankets, and were obliged to spend the nights in trying to keep warm, rather than in sleeping. They also suffered greatly at times from scarcity of food. Captain Irvin was there, anxious and apprehensive on his friend's account, but bearing up under the trials of the situation with all a soldier's and a patriot's fortitude. If he could only have been assured of the safety of his friend he would have been even cheerful. He had heard from his home, from his betrothed, and had learned all that they knew of the Lieutenant. At last came word of the increased danger of his situation. He was held as a suspected spy. It was known that young Chambers and Lewis Doane had joined the British in Philadelphia. What if either should seek to do Lieutenant Warner deadly evil? They were capable of it, if the mood should seize them. After awhile came darker misgivings, and Captain Irvin determined, if he could get permission to seek at any cost to himself the liberation of his friend. He was granted leave to proceed as he might think best in the matter.

The scene of our story changes once more to Philadelphia—to the parlor of Mr. May. The tory Lieutenant had called, and sent a *demand* for the presence of Miss Graham. She was unwell—almost worn out by the strain upon her mental and nervous system—but fearing to offend the young man by a refusal to see him, descended, in response to his request, to the parlor. Pale and agitated she entered. Chambers noted her appearance, and a secret feeling of triumph filled his bosom. He was about to play his last card—a strong one—against her, and he rejoiced to see her so weak and unnerved.

"Good-evening, Miss Graham; I have called to see you on a subject concerning your friend—your very dear friend," he sneered—"the unfortunate Lieut. Warner. Ah! you are interested."

Grace sank on the sofa, murmuring faintly, "Go on."

"It is my very unpleasant mission to inform you that the young man has been arraigned as a spy, circumstances pointing very clearly to his having acted in that dangerous capacity while our troops were in the Jerseys. Moreover his presence in this city has not been explained to the satisfaction of our commander. He will be tried in a few days, and as it is already evident what the result will be, he will probably suffer the penalty prescribed in case of conviction as an agent and informer of the enemy."

"Oh! my God!" gasped the suffering girl, comprehending in a bewildered way the meaning of the dreadful words.

The speaker went mercilessly on: "There can be no escape for the young man; he will surely die, unless—unless—"

"Unless what?" asked poor Grace, catching blindly at the words.

"Unless you choose to save him!" said the tory.

"I!—how? Oh! I gladly would—" She caught the meaning of his wicked look, and paused in despair.

"Ah! you understand," he exclaimed. "Yes, you can save him—*by marrying me.*"

"Oh, not that, not that!"

"Then he will surely die."

"You are cruel; you are merciless!" she cried. "You have set the authorities upon him, and now you come to me thus. You are base, you are villainous."

"Say your say, girl. It does no harm; my purpose is the same. Do you promise what I ask, or shall the rebel die?"

"Have you not one drop of mercy in your heart?"

"None; promise! or I go, and ere the week has ended the Lieutenant shall suffer death."

He turned as if to leave the room. The brain of the poor girl was burning; she was wild with the agony of her position. "Oh! I cannot let him die," she cried, "though he would forbid my saving him in such a way. I promise, I promise." And she fell fainting to the floor. The words had been spoken, but only in delirium. Chambers, alarmed at her condition, but believing that in the wicked way he had attempted he could accomplish his ends, called assistance, and then took his departure. Grace was removed to her chamber, and a long and dangerous illness followed.

Meanwhile, where was her lover? The tory Lieutenant had been the means of bringing the prisoner under suspicion as a spy. He was informed that in a few days his trial would take place. He had escaped from one such perilous situation before—he hardly dared to hope he would again be so fortunate. It was chance that time; would chance be so favoring in his next endeavor? But little opportunity for escape seemed to offer. From his window he looked out upon the quarters of a regiment of infantry, while a short distance further on a body of dragoons was stationed. Troops were continually passing by day, and until late at night the activity among them precluded the possibility of passing unseen, even if he could have left his room. The vicinity of his prison appeared to be a gathering place for parties about to start on foraging expeditions, and also after their return from such. This explained the unusual stir to be witnessed at almost any hour in the neighborhood. Day after day the prisoner had watched the passing soldiers and the citizens who sometimes came out of curiosity to see what was going on, but not one familiar face among the latter had he observed. He had hoped that if some of his friends could be informed of his exact situation means might be devised for his rescue; but the weary hours went on, and the prospect before him seemed to narrow darker and darker, till death appeared to be the only certainty. He thought of Grace, wondering if she had been permitted to return to her friends, or whether she still remained in the city. He longed to know if Mr. May had been made to suffer for the protection he had given him—if it would be believed by the British under what circumstances he had been brought to the house of his friend. But he heard no word from any source, and with the prospect of an ignominious death before him, the mind of the young soldier was troubled enough.

"Would that I had died at Brandywine," he thought; "there in old Birmingham grave yard I would be resting perhaps; it were better than this useless, hopeless lingering here." Then a period of less despondency would succeed, followed by gloom again—for no soldier can bear with equanimity the prospect of dying the death of a spy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWS FROM THE PRISONER—A PLAN.

Captain Irvin had yet formed no plan for the rescue of his friend. He felt that delay might be fatal, but with all his impatience to assist him he knew not how to act. He at last received information that afforded great relief to his uncertainty. It was at the close of a gloomy day in January. He was walking along one of the rude streets formed by the arrangement of the soldiers' huts, when as he approached the further end he saw a party of troopers bringing in a prisoner. Curiosity prompted him to move toward them.

"Why, there's the Captain now," cried one of the men.

"What is wanted?" he inquired.

"We've a prisoner here," replied the Sergeant in command of the party, "who wishes to see you, but we were taking him to headquarters first."

"Bring him forward. What has he to say."

The man, a long, lean countryman, with a shrewd expression of countenance, hearing the Captain's voice called out,

"I've news for you, Captain. They've nabbed me for a spy—but you'll let me go when you hear what I've got to tell."

The Captain directed the Sergeant to conduct the man to headquarters, where he would immediately attend.

In the presence of several officers the countryman was examined.

"I was about to give myself up when the men seized me. They wouldn't listen to my explanation, but hustled me off," said he, in an aggrieved tone.

"It will be all right if you give any good reason for your approach," said one of the officers.

"Hold!" cried Captain Irvin, just entering. "I know the man; he is honest. Is it not Zebulon Rice, of Montgomery?" he inquired, turning to the prisoner.

"The same, Captain. I'm glad you know me."

"The man is one of my former neighbors," spoke the Captain. "I will answer for his actions. What have you to say, Zebulon?"

"I bring you news from your friend, Lieutenant Warner."

A look of joy shone in the Captain's face.

"What of him; speak," he cried.

"He is a prisoner still. I saw him yesterday."

"You saw him? Not in Philadelphia?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came you there? Tell me all," said Captain Irvin, impatiently

"Well, you see the British were out a foraging in our parts two days ago—and just for spite they carried me off; they said they wanted me to grease their frying-pans with," said Zebulon, looking at his lean bones.

Captain Irvin did not appreciate the humor; he was too anxious to learn of his friend.

"Go on, my friend—you saw the Lieutenant, you say?"

"Yes, Captain; at his prison window, looking into the street."

"You are sure it was he?"

"I am; I know him as well as you do."

"Did he see you?"

"I think not; it was only a moment I was there—but I tried to catch his eye to give him a friendly look. He must be lonely enough there."

"And in danger, I fear," said Captain Irvin.

"I knowed you two were thick," continued Rice, "and I thought you'd like to be hearin' of him."

"I am very grateful to you indeed, Zebulon. I would have given my right hand to know where the Lieutenant was confined if I could in any way assist him. How was it that the British, after capturing you, permitted you to return?"

"Well, Captain, they soon found out I wasn't of any use to 'em, and I kinder come the pathetic over 'em, and they sent me out yesterday with another party, and let me go. They took me in the first place, I s'pose, to help 'em drive the cattle they stole. There was only a few of the redcoats, and they had their hands full."

With the request to the assembled officers that Zebulon should be kindly treated, and be permitted to leave the camp when he desired, Captain Irvin left the place. He was already occupied with schemes for the rescue of his friend. Late in the evening he called a sergeant and directed him to request several of the most daring and trustworthy men of his company to come to his quarters. Soon after a dozen gallant fellows entered, saluted him respectfully, and waited for him to speak.

After a moment's silence the Captain spoke.

"My men, I have called you here to obtain one of your number as a volunteer in a difficult and hazardous undertaking. I would go myself on the dangerous errand I propose to ask one of you to go on, but in my case it would be doubly hazardous, with less chance of success. Our brave comrade, Warner, is in the hands of the enemy. His situation is particularly trying, and I propose to rescue him. My plan is for one of you to appear to desert, to go to Philadelphia, to pretend friendship to the enemy, to get appointed if possible on guard over our friend, and then as way may offer, to assist him to escape. It is a dangerous project—but who will undertake it? Every man offered himself for the work. It was decided to select the individual by lot. The chance fell on Corporal Worthington, a man of tried courage and infl xible perseverance.

"Remember, it may be death to you, Corporal," said his Captain.

"I have chosen to make the attempt," responded the brave fellow.

"The work must be undertaken this very night. Go to rest for a few hours, and I will have everything prepared. The others must know nothing of the plan. You must seem to be a real deserter."

The men all retired under promise of secrecy. At three o'clock in the morning—it was moonlight—the Corporal stole from his bed and passed the lines, the countersign having been obtained for him by the Captain. It was arranged that after the first hour his absence should be discovered and pursuit made.

At the expiration of that time Captain Irvin waited upon his Major and informed him that it was believed that Corporal Worthington had deserted during the night. Taking the Captain's words as true, pursuit was at once ordered. The deception was well kept up. A troop of cavalry was sent after the recreant Corporal, with directions to scour the country for him in every direction toward the enemy's lines.

After passing the pickets, Corporal Worthington went to a low stable or shed by the roadside, where he had been told a horse would be placed for him. It was there; he mounted and galloped off toward the city. Riding hard, he was approaching the enemy's outposts, when he heard the sound of pursuers behind him. He turned and could see in the breaking light the forms of three or four horsemen, who being better mounted than he, had nearly overtaken him. Putting spurs to his animal, he endeavored to reach the British lines, now very near. His approach was heard by the pickets, who seeing that he was pursued, did not fire upon him, but advanced to meet the pursuers. The latter, giving up the chase, returned, and Worthington was conducted to the camp and afterward to the city. That he was a deserter appeared very evident to the enemy. They welcomed him and offered him a place in the ranks of any regiment he might choose. Ascertaining what regiment was employed in guarding the prisoners, or that number of which Lieutenant Warner was one, he joined that. His turn came to be on guard. He soon acquainted the Lieutenant with his presence and object. The poor fellow was overjoyed, and hope once more rose strong in his soul. But the most difficult part of the work was yet to be done. It was decided, by signs and looks rather than words, for great caution was necessary, that the only hope of getting away was for both to be in British uniform. One for the prisoner could not be brought him without being observed. A feasible plan for obtaining it was to assault and overpower one of the guard and divest him of his. This it was resolved they would attempt, the Corporal suggesting the manner of proceeding.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOLD MOVEMENTS.

It was night—dark, cold and cloudy. A party of the British, under cover of the darkness, were preparing to make a raid on one of the patriot outposts. They hoped to surprise and capture it, and then forage in the surrounding country. The men who were to engage in the expedition were gathered in front of Lieutenant Warner's prison. The majority of them were dragoons, but a score or so of infantry, mounted, were to accompany them. Several extra horses were to be taken along to assist in carrying back the spoil, which was expected to be in part flour, from a well-known mill in the neighborhood to be visited.

Corporal Worthington was again on guard. He witnessed the preparations to depart with the most lively but trembling satisfaction. It was as good as if he had planned it. Everything suited, in a half hour the party would be off. Before the moon rose, they expected to surprise the Americans, and then by her light they planned to collect their spoil. It was well thought of.

Lieutenant Warner, with an anxious heart, also saw the confusion preceding the departure of the foragers. But he soon left the window and took his place near the entrance. He was armed with a strong club of iron-wood, smuggled in by the Corporal. The weapon was not large, but strong and heavy—and a blow from it, administered by a desperate arm, would have no light effect upon a human head.

"Bradly, will you step into the third cell, and order the prisoner to put out his light; it is still burning, and the time's past for that."

It was Corporal Worthington speaking to his fellow-guardsman. The man went toward the cell. The words had been spoken loudly—and were in reality a signal to the Lieutenant to be ready. While the soldier was sliding the two huge iron bolts that on the outside secured the door, the prisoner extinguished his lamp, and grasping his club, just as the door swung inward, directed in his aim by the light in the passage, he brought his weapon with terrific force on the head of the man as his figure stood defined on the threshold. The fellow sunk down with a groan like that a bullock gives when felled.

"Quick!" said the Lieutenant, in an intense whisper. The Corporal assisted in dragging the unconscious form into the room. The man was gagged, stripped, and then bound. Lieutenant Warner divested himself of his own clothes and assumed those of the grenadier. Taking his musket, in company with the Corporal who had so bravely played his part, the two hastily quitted the building. When outside they made their way with more deliberation toward the party, now just starting on the expedition. They boldly mounted with the rest, as it belonging to the detachment, taking care to keep as much in the shadow as possible. In the bustle of mounting and starting they were not observed more than the others. The word of command was given, and the troop was in motion. With a mighty feeling of relief and gratitude the Lieutenant galloped forward, his noble comrade by his side. So elated were they with the success of their plan that they could hardly refrain from shouting aloud. They were for the present safe, for in the gloom none would recognise them. If they could manage to detach themselves from the command, they might, by taking another course and riding rapidly, reach the out-post of their friends and prepare them for the coming attack.

"Fall behind," whispered Lieutenant Warner. The darkness had increased, and straggling would hardly be observed. His companion understood him. Both drew out by degrees and then halted. The troopers passed on.

"Are you acquainted with the road, Worthington?" asked the young officer.

"Yes, sir; it branches just above, and there are two roads—aye, three, to Radnor," was the reply.

"We may reach it first then, by putting our horses to their best?"

"I think so, sir, if we are careful at first. The road is hard here and they might hear our animal's hoofs."

"Lead on, I will follow closely. When you think it best, ride hard for our friends."

"A little further and the road is sandy. We will then try hard for Radnor."

They walked their horses for a quarter of a mile, then at a word from Worthington, they set off at a rapid gallop up the road. Their animals were good and they held well to their speed. In a half hour they slackened their pace, and the Corporal said the post must be near. They dismounted, hurriedly tied their horses, and hastened forward on foot. The village was soon reached, and they entered without being challenged.

"If our men are here," said Lieutenant Warner, "they can be easily surprised, for there seems to be no guard."

A little further on, Worthington stumbled over some obstruction in his path and fell with some violence, causing considerable noise.

"Who goes there?" demanded a waking voice. The men were not sound asleep after all.

"Friends, without the countersign," replied the Lieutenant. "Take us to your commander at once."

Calling to a companion the sentry directed him to take charge of the new-comers.

"Hasten," urged the young man; "you are liable to an attack at any moment."

The officer in command was aroused. He sprang up with soldierly promptness.

"The British are coming," spoke Lieutenant Warner hurriedly. "We have escaped in disguise. Prepare your men at once for an attack. We hold ourselves hostages for the truth of what we say."

Already the alarm had been given; with no confusion and noise, but in orderly silence. Every man was soon at his post, but none too soon. The gallop of approaching horsemen was heard coming near. On came the enemy confident of an easy and complete victory.

"Ready men," ordered Major Eastburn. "They are almost here."

The forms of the British horsemen became slightly distinguishable in the darkness. The moon was rising over the shadowy hills. With a loud hurra the assailants rushed upon what they supposed to be their sleeping foes. But a terrible surprise awaited them.

"Fire!" shouted the American Major.

Fifty muskets were discharged into the mass of the terrified enemy. An uncertain fire, and they turned and fled at once in wild confusion, the patriots following. Another volley was poured into their retreating ranks. Several more of the British fell, and the victory of the Americans was complete. Gathering the wounded men and capturing several horses, including the two our friends had ridden, they returned to their camp, rejoicing in the discomfiture of their foes. Thanking Warner and Worthington for the great service they had rendered, at the same time reproving himself for not being sufficiently vigilant, Major Eastburn directed his men to retire for the night, not forgetting to post a double guard, though a second attack was not to be looked for. The patriot soldiers had been for several days engaged in severe scouting duty, and this explained, though it did not excuse, the want of watchfulness by which they had exposed themselves to surprise. After a day's rest in the camp, Lieutenant Warner and the Corporal, accompanied by several of the men of Major Eastburn's command, set out for Valley Forge. That the Lieutenant received a joyous welcome from his old comrades may well be believed. Corporal Worthington's appearance, without being under arrest, created extreme surprise among those who had supposed he was a deserter, which was not a little increased by the cordial reception he met with from the men in the secret. When the explanation was made to all, there was not a more popular man in the regiment than the gallant Corporal. He bore the praise his bravery had won with the true soldier's modesty. His reward, in addition to the thanks and admiration of his comrades and officers, was promotion to a second lieutenantcy in his own company, that position being soon after vacant.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Missionary's Experience.

Doing good under difficulties is thus illustrated in the experience of a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in Missouri:—

"At the first settlement I came to I found that there had never been a Sunday-school in that region, and the people could hardly understand what I wanted. One had never seen a Sunday-school, and thought there must be some trick about it. Having some books with me, I proposed to give him one. 'No, sir, I don't want it; I can't afford it; for I know, if I take it, there'll be some sort of officer after taxes on it.' I wrote on the fly-leaf, 'No tax to be collected on this book,' and then he consented to take it.

"To ascertain the condition of the settlement, I asked a woman, 'Is society good?' She replied, 'I reckon so. I don't know him myself, but never heard anything bad against any man by that name round these parts.'"

This resembles the answer that another missionary of the society, exploring "The Pines" in New Jersey, got from the wife of a hunter, at whose cabin he called. "Are there any Presbyterians in these parts?" "*I don't know if husband ever shot any. I'll ask him.*"

An old man in Kentucky told the missionary, "I'm strong against Sunday-schools, because it's wrong to *bias* the minds of children."

Another missionary of the society, in Illinois, writes: "I spent a night with a man who boasts of eleven children, and owns that he never paid twenty-five cents for books or papers for them, although his tobacco costs him twenty dollars a year."

☞ Paris, Ky., boasts of a horse which, having cast a shoe, jumped out of his inclosure, went to a blacksmith shop, and had himself shod.

IN SPLENDOR.

BY BRUCE TOWNSEND.

In splendor the moon has risen,
And her chalice of silver light
Runs over and floods the city
With a sea of glory to-night.

The tramp of the countless thousands
Of hurrying, tireless feet,
That sounds from morning till evening
Like a great heart's steady beat,

Is stilled for a season, and only
There comes the occasional sound
Of some reveller's late returning,
Or the watchman going his round.

I wonder if all the spirits
Whose bodies are sleeping to-night,
Are locked in their earthly prisons,
Or if some are abroad in the light?

For oftentimes I've a feeling,
When dreaming of Heavenly things,
That my body only is sleeping,
And my spirit has taken wings.

I fly through the misty ether
And come to a beautiful shore,
Where I meet and talk with the loved ones
That are seen on the earth no more.

The light has a whiter shining,
The waters a brighter flow,
And the flowers are fairer and sweeter
Than ever the world may know.

But still at the dawn of morning,
Thy spirit must come again,
Re-enter the mortal body,
And be born to sorrow and pain.

In splendor the moon has risen,
And is flooding the city with light
That is like to the shining glory
I have seen in my dreams at night.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

Rather surprised was Tom, upon going up Dene Hollow, to see a few people congregated there, half a dozen or so. A cart had come to grief on nearly the old unlucky spot. It could not this time be charged on the "Shadow." The linchpin had disappeared from one of the wheels, and the cart, which had contained grains (on their way to be conveyed to Mr. Tillett's pigs) was overturned. The sweet-smelling grains lay scattered on the highway; Hodge, Mr. Tillett's waggoner—for the cart was Mr. Tillett's—standing by with a most rueful face. The accident had occurred just as the Beechhurst cottage was passing; it had startled the carriage horses, and sent them flying downwards at such a rate as to put the outriders to the gallop and threaten another accident—Lady Lydia, ignoring chances, always went this way to Dene Hollow when she could; its level road and fair scenery were pleasant to her.

"Which accounts for the sharp pace they came round at," thought Tom as he listened to this, and recalled the speed of the horses.

Leaving the cart and grains to their unhappy fate, he pursued his way, and turned in to Harebell Farm. Not to tell of the disaster particularly, but because he had some business with its master, Phillip Tillett. Mr. Tillett, however, was not at home, and Tom stayed a few minutes talking with Mary Barber.

For Mary Barber, the thoroughly capable and earnest-minded woman—somewhat hard and superstitious though she might be—had never quitted Harebell Farm. William Owen did not want her when he migrated to his new home; he meant to marry; and did so shortly afterwards; and Mary Barber remained with Mr. Tillett and his motherless young daughter. She was called housekeeper, but was treated and respected as one of the family; having two maids under her, instead of one as in Mrs. Owen's time. When Tom went in she was seated in the parlor hemming a white cravat of Mr. Tillet's.

"Bless my heart!" she exclaimed, staring at Tom through her tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles when he told the news. "The wheel off, and all the pigs' food a lying in the road!"

"Every grain of it," said Tom. "Cole's man has got the wheel in hand, beginning to tinker it up."

"The wheel baint much. The grains is the worst. And for you to be laughing at it, Mr. Tom!"

"Oh, they'll get the grains up again. You'd laugh yourself, if you had seen it, Mary Barber. Hodge's face was better than a picture."

"There's no luck with our pigs this year," lamented she. "I said so to the master t'other day. That last lot of wash, made for 'em, got put into a new painted barrel, through one o' the men's carelessness, and a'most poisoned the pigs."

"Only not quite," put in Tom, always looking on the sunniest side of things.

"Well now, Mr. Tom—what caused the mishap to-day?"

"Why, I told you, Mary. The wheel came off the cart."

"Twarn't that, sir."

"But it was that," returned Tom, looking at her.

"*Twarn't* that," came the emphatic repetition. "'Twas the Shadow."

"Nonsense! Rubbish!"

The retort nettled Mary Barber. The Shadow was there, and would be always there, she said solemnly; and she put it to him plainly whether horses were, or were not, in the habit of starting at that place. Tom, half laughing, confessed they were, saying no more about the cart wheel, intending to drop the argument altogether. Not so Mary Barber. Laying down the white cravat and her spectacles on the table, she bent her face a little forward.

"What is it that frightens the animals, pray? Tell me that if you can, Mr. Tom."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Tom. Unless it's the shadow of the branches, cast on the road by the sun."

"It's not that, sir; you must know it's not. The shadow's one of another sort. I give it a different name in my own mind."

"What name?"

"A curse."

"A curse!"

"A curse," she repeated in her solemn tone. "Why, what else is it, sir? Hasn't it been as a curse to a good many folk? Sir Dene couldn't have thought it nothing less when he saw his blooming grandchild a lying dead afore him."

Tom made no rejoinder now—Margaret's sad death had indeed brought grievous sorrow. To none worse than him. To him, who had been the one to pick Margaret up.

"We thought it was the ice that made the horses slip. There was ice on the road, you remember, Mary Barber."

"Bother the ice," irreverently responded Mary Barber. "'Twas the excuse made, I know: but who believed it?"

Very few, Tom might have answered—had he chosen. Mary Barber resumed; her voice impressive again, barely raised above a whisper.

"That time when my poor mother spoke to me o' the shadow—dying she was, though I didn't see it—it sounded but like so much gibberish in my two ears. But that I knowed her to be sane, I'd ha' thought her mind was a rambling. The next day when she was dead, the words came back to me in a different way: for I've been a good deal with the dead and dying, Mr. Tom, and I know that what they speak just afore the soul departs is sometimes like a prophecy. And as I stood at her grave i' the churchyard while the parson was a reading the burial over her out o' the prayer book, and thought o' what it was that had sent her to it afore her time, there come into my mind a kind o' light. A light o' conviction, one might call it: that mother's dying words were true—and that a curse lay on the fine new road that had killed her. It's a lying there to this day."

The less superstitious and more practical among the neighbors were apt to smile at this fixed belief of Mary Barber's and call it her "crochet." Her master, Mr. Tillett, a man of good sound sense, told her to her face that she would go mad upon the foolish point some day, if she didn't take care. Perhaps Tom Clanwaring shared Mr. Tillett's skepticism, for he took up his hat to depart without comment of any sort.

"Tell the master I'll look in again to-morrow, Mary Barber. If he'll consent to make the alteration, Sir Dene will go half way in the cost. But we must have an answer. Good-day."

Meanwhile the Lady Lydia paid her visits, a round of them. Mrs. Arde's was the only one near home: the rest lay at a distance. While the afternoon was still bright, the outriders came cantering round the corner by Cole the farrier's, and took the old hilly road that led to Beechhurst Dene, the nearest way from whence they were coming. The carriage followed close upon the outriders; and my lady, inside it, felt tired to death. As it whirled round the corner—rather a sharp turn, that, by Cole's—two people stood talking outside the forge—having met accidentally a minute before. Tom Clanwaring was one; his occupation had taken him to some land that lay out there: the other was Miss Emma Geach. A traveller, whose horse became suddenly disabled, had ridden in for refuge at the Trailing Indian, and the girl was despatched to fetch Cole. Nothing loth, she: especially as she seized on the opportunity to attire herself in her Sunday going things.

A gay gipsy hat upon her abundant hair, gleaming and glistening in the winter sunlight, and some blue ribbons flying amidst it, stood she. Otto Clanwaring looked from the carriage and made some remark to his brother in a lone tone. Not so low, however, but that its sense struck the ear of Lady Lydia.

"What?" she exclaimed. "What's that you say, Otto?"

He answered by a light word or two, as if the matter he spoke of were of no serious moment. Certainly he did not do it in illnature. "I don't affirm it, you know," he said: "but appearances certainly are against Tom."

Ay, they were, unfortunately. A dusky red light, telling of emotion, shone in my lady's dark face: she leaned out, and looked back. Tom was striding onwards then, and Miss Geach was exchanging compliments with Cole. The disclosure struck her quite as a revelation. She had shared the curiosity of the public as to the doings of Miss Emma Geach. Otto would have dismissed the subject with a few careless words.

"What are your proofs, Otto?" she asked, leaning forward to speak in his ear.

"Proofs?—Oh, I don't know about proofs," was the answer, still carelessly indifferent. And then he just mentioned what he and young Dene had seen.

My lady was virtuously indignant of course. To do her justice, she believed the story: and began talking of it in private with her eldest son when they got home.

"Let it drop," said Jarvis, curtly.

"Drop!" she retorted. "I'll let it drop when I have told Sir Dene. He can let it drop if he will."

"Confound it, madam! can't you hold your tongue!" savagely cried Jarvis.

"No, I can't, Jarvis. This was just what was wanted to get the fellow away."

"Eh? What?" returned Jarvis, a sudden gleam awakening in his sly dark eyes.

"Why, don't you see that it is?" *I* knew how worthless he must be; but the difficulty was to bring proofs of it to Sir Dene."

Jarvis drew a long breath. He began to discern a little light of way. Lady Lydia resumed—

"Putting all other considerations aside, Sir Dene *could* not allow him to remain here now. It seems quite like a Providence, Jarvis. I thought something or other would turn up. It's what I have been waiting for."

Not until the following day, the first of the new year, did Lady Lydia get the opportunity of conveniently speaking to Sir Dene. Their interview was a long one. What she said at it never was known, but we may be quite sure of one thing, that she did not tell her tale by halves. Otto—to his own intense disgust—was called in to testify to it.

"I'll be shot if I'd have dropped a word to her, had I thought she was going to make this row over it, and to do him damage with the old man!" mentally cried Otto, in wrath. But—always speaking the truth if called upon to speak at all—he corroborated all, so far as he had cognizance of it. It appeared to be conclusive to Sir Dene; as might be seen by the look of utter sorrow on his pale face. In spite of all, he had loved Tom; had trusted him utterly: and this struck upon him as a cruel blow, rendering him unjust. What he ought to have done was to question Tom himself; and this he did not. His outraged pride (worked upon also by Lady Lydia) forbade it.

How the day went on even Lady Lydia hardly knew. Never had one of greater unpleasantness been spent at Beechhurst Dene. Tom came in during the afternoon; and Jarvis picked a quarrel with him. For once he put Tom in a passion—and there were rare moments, as was previously said, when Tom could go into a passion with the best of them. When he was in this white heat, Jarvis unwisely (or wisely, as the reader may decide,) ventured on a word of insult more stinging than customary. In his cool, supercilious, contemptuous manner, he threw in Tom's teeth a reproach of the accusation they were whispering against him. It was but a hint, a syllable; but quite enough; Tom Clanwaring lifted his hand and knocked the gallant officer down. Sir Dene was a witness of it: it occurred in his own bay parlor, which he was just entering. That brought on the climax. Smarting under one thing and another, Tom, the scapegoat, appeared in that moment to Sir Dene as a very off-shoot of Satan; and he swore a round oath that he should be out of Beechhurst Dene before night. The Lady Lydia had received an opportune letter that very morning, urging Tom Clanwaring's acceptance of the post offered him, or else it must be given away elsewhere.

Verily, as my lady herself had remarked, it seemed that Providence was specially at work, ordering things in favor of the interest of herself and Captain Clanwaring!

CHAPTER V.

AN EVENFUL EVENING.

New Year's evening. The reception rooms at Arde Hall were in a blaze of light; not with stilling gas, as is too much the fashion in these modern years, but with wax candles cool and pure. It was Mr. and Mrs. Arde's custom to give a grand dinner the first day of the year to as many guests as their dining-room would conveniently hold; and that was four-and-twenty. Four-and-twenty had been invited, but only two-and-twenty came. Sir Dene Clanwaring and his grandson Tom were absent.

Sir Dene sent an apology for himself: he had hoped to be well enough to come, but quite at the last moment found he was not. For Tom little was said—he was altogether too insignificant to waste speech on. Lady Lydia spoke a few obscure words about going a journey; and Captain Clanwaring, stroking his handsome moustache, made a supercilious remark in May's ear as he was taking her in to dinner, to the effect that Sir Dene found Tom could no longer be tolerated. That was all. Tom's absence caused neither grief nor comment; nobody missed him or cared for it. Nobody, save one—and she might not show that she did. May heard Captain Clanwaring with a bright eye and smiling face, but her heart was sick with disappointment. The sunshine of the evening had gone out for *her*: too keenly she felt it, sitting through the long dinner.

The ladies rose to quit the dining-room; May went out last, following her mother. Captain Clanwaring whispered something to her as she passed—for it was he who bowed them out. May laughed in response: a sufficiently light laugh to listening ears. But her step grew slow and heavy as the door closed. They were all within the drawing-room before she was at its door.

"Miss May!"

Turning round at the whispered words, she saw Susan Cole. The woman had a folded slip of paper in her hand.

"Mr. Tom Clanwaring is outside, Miss May. There's something wrong, I'm afeard. He asked if I could manage to give you this without anybody's seeing."

Opening the paper, she stood underneath the hall lamp while she read it. Susan Cole, her mission executed, vanished.

"I am going away, May: probably for years, possibly forever. Will you come out to me for one minute? I am at the avenue gate. T. C.

Her brain was confused; her heart was beating with its wild pain. Going away forever! Showing herself for a minute or two in the drawing-room, as a matter of precaution, May caught up a woollen shawl, and ran out at the hall door. The avenue gate was only across the lawn. It was a starlight night, cold and frosty, but she did not at once distinguish any one, for the shrubs grew thick there.

He had his back against the gate, but he stepped to meet her as she advanced. Involuntarily, in her deep agitation, she put out both her hands. He clasped and held them fondly to him, his agitation as great as her own.

In moments of agony—and these were nothing less—the mind is for the most part in a state of bewilderment. It was so with Mary Arde, it was so with him. But a confused impression was retained by her afterwards, as to what was said at the interview. Perhaps the fault lay chiefly with Tom Clanwaring, for in his angry excitement he was less clear than he might have been. Those who had been always against him, trying to get him sent out of Beechhurst Dene, had done their work at last, and ruined him with his grandfather, he said. He was being sent away, Heaven knew where, certainly with little prospect of ever being allowed to return. He had to depart for Bristol at once by the night mail, and wait in that city for orders, on his way to Ireland.

She leaned against the gate for support. She would have pardoned him had he taken her to his arms and held her to his sheltering breast. But Tom Clanwaring, honorable as ever, dared not. Many and many a time had the warm words of love rashly trembled on his lips, and he had turned them off with some light jest. If he had put a restraint on himself then, how doubly needful was it that he should do so now! Even his own poor quasi-position in the baronet's household was torn from him, and he was being sent into the world adrift, a real servant, to work for his living. The inconsistency of *his* attempting to think of Squire Arde's daughter, was more palpably present to him that night than it had ever previously been.

"I would have liked to wish Mr. and Mrs. Arde good-bye, May, but I can't encounter the crowd they've got to-night. So the will must go for the deed."

"But what is it that you have done?" she gasped. "*Why* are they sending you away?"

"I hardly know myself, May."

"Oh, but you must know," she said, thinking it was an evasion made to spare her pain. "What is it, Tom?"

"You will hear no end of charges against me, I doubt not," he said—and the vagueness of the reply, as if it were still an evasive one, did strike her clearly afterwards. "I don't know what they may say; and I don't think it is of much use asking you not to believe them. I was always the scapegoat, you know; I shall be so to the end. May, I can no longer battle against the stream—and if I could, what end would it answer? It may be better for me that I should be away: but for leaving my dear old grandfather, I'd say there could not be a question of it. Think of me as kindly as you can, May."

Tne tears were streaming down her cheeks. "Only tell me, Tom, that you have done nothing very wrong," she whispered, her mind a chaos of confusion and fear. Fear, she knew not of what: and perhaps his own want of clearness led to it. Mary Arde had never believed it possible that Sir Dene could turn against Tom to the length of discarding him—without some ample cause.

"If I have, they goaded me to it," was his answer, spoken in the moment's reckless irritation, as he recalled the passion he had been in, the flooring he had given the captain: for he attached no meaning to May's words, or suspected that she could really believe ill of him. "God bless and be with you always, May! I cannot stay longer, neither ought I to keep you out here. But I would not leave the place for good without seeing you."

"Why—why do you say it is *for good?*"

"Be you very sure that they who have procured my banishment will take efficient care I don't return, May. That's why."

"Are we to part—like this?" she wailed, her voice in its anguish rising almost beyond her own controlling calmness.

"Mary, my darling, don't tempt me. Do you know what it is costing *me* to part like this?—to stand here and say quietly to you, I am going? Have you not known for some time past that if I had dared— There! I must not go on: another moment and the temptation to speak will be greater than I can resist. You understand well, I fancy, Mary. Circumstances cast a wide barrier between us, and I may not presume to think of ever passing it. If there were but the least prospect of my achieving any position in the world, I might say to you I will hope, without forfeiting all honor: but there is none, and I do not."

She put out her trembling hands once more; she lifted her streaming eyes to his. To those wonderful blue eyes in their deep caves, whose beauty the night could not wholly hide. The temptation was too great, and Tom Clanwaring bent his face on hers.

"It is but a cousin's kiss, Mary," he murmured: "we used to call ourselves cousins when we were children—taught so by Susan Cole. Surely none will grudge it us in parting. When I return—if ever I do—no doubt all danger will be over."

"Danger?" she breathed questioningly.

"The danger that the scapegoat might forget himself and his honor by speaking of love. When you are the wife of a more lucky man than I, I may come back, May. Never before, unless my grandfather recalls me."

"You give me up then?" she exclaimed in her pain: in the mortification that the renouncement undoubtedly brought to her.

"I do. I have no other resource. My parting blessing be upon you, Mary."

She drew her hand from his with a petulant gesture, and sped across the lawn, one bitter sob breaking from her lips: one more than bitter question from her heart—did he care for her? When girls love as romantically as did Mary Arde, they are apt to fancy that all else should give place to it. Tom Clanwaring was Sir Dene's grandson—and Mary resentfully thought he might have been content to wait and see whether fortune would not be kind, before he renounced her. He knew *she* had money—so they should not have starved! A few minutes alone in her chamber, effacing the traces of the tell tale tears, and then she was in the drawing-room, quite unnaturally gay, whirling through a merry country dance with Captain Clanwaring.

There was one other person that Tom Clanwaring would not omit to say farewell to before he left the neighborhood: and that was Mary Barber. In striding up to Harebell Farm, he met Cole the farrier at the turning of the lane. It will be remembered that this was the son of the man spoken of as Cole the farrier in the first portion of this history. Young Cole and Tom had always been good friends.

"Good-night, Mr. Tom," said the man as he was passing.

"Good-night, and good-by," replied Tom.

"I am going away, Cole."

Cole wheeled round on his heel. "Ay, sir, so I gathered at the Dene this evening. But not just yet, are you?"

"In an hour's time. James drives me in the gig to catch the Bristol mail at Worcester. Good luck to you, Cole."

"Stop a minute, sir—I beg your pardon. The servants said something about a quarrel with Captain Clanwaring: be that the reason you've got to go?"

"I suppose so."

"Nothing has happened *since* to send you?" continued Cole, with an emphasis, as marked, on the word.

"Nothing whatever. Fare you well, Cole. I've no time to lose."

As he went on up Harebell Lane, Cole stood and looked after him, as if in some hesitation. Finally he continued his way towards his home.

Mary Barber was alone in the kitchen when Tom went in; her mind intent upon a curious incident that had occurred to her earlier in the evening, her hands busy with some preparation of cooking for the morrow. To say that she was struck into herself with the news—that Tom was going into banishment in Ireland—would be saying little. Ireland, to the imagination of quiet country people, represented something like the opposite end of the world.

"It can't be!" she exclaimed, dropping the fork from her fingers, and leaving the eggs to beat-up themselves.

"I'm going this very night, Mary. This very minute, I may almost say, for in a few minutes I must be off."

Mary Barber stood quite still. Like Miss Arde, she thought he must have done something very ill to turn his grandfather against him to this extent. Banished to Ireland! The very extremity of the measure brought its own revulsion to her mind.

"It won't be for long, Mr. Tom. Sir Dene would never keep you all out there. 'Twould be like transportation."

"I have to go, Mary: whether it's for long or short."

"What on earth 'll be done wi' the land? Who'll look to it?"

"*I* don't know," he replied. "They'll get somebody I suppose."

"Not they," dissented Mary Barber. "You'll be sent for back to't, Mr. Tom. And a nice kettle o' fish I daresay you'll find things in! You away, and Sir Dene laid by—fine times it 'll be for the men!"

Leaving her in this comforting belief without contradiction, Tom crossed the lane and went in home. The time of his departure was at hand. James waited in the gig to drive him into Worcester to catch the Bristol night mail, coming through the town on its way from Birmingham. He had been in hopes of seeing his grandfather once more.

"It's o' no good, Mr. Tom," said Gander sorrowfully. "Sir Dene, he give orders he was not to be disturbed no more to-night on no account whatever, and he locked his door when he went up to bed. Your portmanteau and other things is in the gig, sir."

"Then there's nothing more to keep me here. Turned out like a dog! Good-by, Gander," he added, shaking the man's hand heartily as he went out to the gig.

"I'll drive, James."

The groom handed him the reins and took the seat by his side. Gander watched the departing gig until the night hid it from his view. There came into the man's remembrance the turning out of his father, Geoffry Clanwaring. A prevision lay upon Gander that Tom would never come back, to be forgiven, as Geoffry was.

The departure of Tom Clanwaring took the neighborhood by surprise: and the more especially so because the precise cause of his banishment could not be ascertained. Sir Dene had issued a sharp general order to Lady Lydia and her family that nothing should be spoken of abroad—meaning in regard to ill-doing Miss Emma Geach. For once Lady Lydia was glad to obey him: her object was gained; Tom was gone, and she could well concede the rest. Jarvis was silent from policy; Otto from vexation: and Dene and Charles Clanwaring were away. So that scandal was buried; never, Sir Dene hoped, to be unearthed again. But there was another sin, or rather a frightful suspicion of it, brought against Tom: on which it might be well, for the honor of the family, to be silent also.

By the time service was over on the following day, Sunday, the 2d of January, the fact that Tom Clanwaring had been sent from Beechhurst Dene in disgrace was pretty generally known abroad. Servants will talk: and the news had spread. Lady Lydia and her children talked, for that matter, telling the fact that he was gone. Certain hints and innuendos were dropped by them (not by Otto) imparting a confirmed notion that Tom must have been guilty of some conduct too bad to be spoken of, and which for the sake of the name he bore had to be hushed up. How near they were to the truth—or, rather, to what was supposed to be the truth at Beechhurst Dene—few guessed.

But, of all, none felt more surprise than Squire Arde. In his secret heart he not only liked Tom Clanwaring but thought well of him: and he could not imagine Tom could be guilty of any really bad conduct. In candor it must be added that the Squire had not the remotest suspicion of any attachment existing between Tom and his daughter: in his pride, he would have deemed it utterly impossible. May had not spoken of Tom's visit the previous night.

Leaving his wife and daughter at their own home after service, the Squire went on with Lady Lydia to Beechhurst Dene. Sir Dene, only just up, and looking very ill, opened his grieving heart at sight of his friend of many years, who stood, as may be said, in the light of uncle to Tom the scapegoat. And, in point of fact, the relationship, if it may be called so, of Squire Arde to Tom had always stood rather as a barrier in my lady's plans against him. During the walk home she had talked in the most motherly way of Tom, lamenting his deplorable sins after the manner of a pitying angel. Not even out of her did Mr. Arde get at the nature of the sins; but she did drop a hint that he had shamefully wronged his grandfather in some money transaction in the hour of his departure. Mr. Arde asked the baronet point-blank what this wrong was.

"Why did Lydia speak of it?" rejoined Sir Dene, a shade of bitter mortification rising in his pale face. "Ungrateful as he has proved himself, unworthy the name of Clanwaring, I'd not have it talked of abroad for the world. All this past night, in spite of his conduct in the other bad affair, I've been saying to myself that it surely cannot have been he. To steal money is not the work of a Clanwaring."

"What other affair?" questioned Mr. Arde, noting the words.

"Never mind—nothing," returned Sir Dene shortly. "That at least may be sunk in oblivion from henceforth. He has got his dismissal for it, so let it be."

And on this point Mr. Arde found it useless to question further. So that he was no wiser than before as to the true cause that had led to Tom's disgrace. They told him of the other: as Lady Lydia had hinted at it. Sir Dene thought it might be as well to disclose the whole. The baronet just mentioned the heads, hating every word that fell from his lips, and my lady supplied the details.

The facts were these. After the explosion had taken place the previous afternoon, and Tom had been made to understand he must quit the place that night, Sir Dene, terribly upset by the disturbance, shut himself into the bay parlor. The agitation had made him too ill to think of keeping his dinner engagement at the Hall, and he charged those who were going to say so. My lady and Mrs. Letsom went up betimes to attire themselves for the visit. Captain Clanwaring reviving from the effects of his overthrow and Tom's blow, was engaged with a visitor. One of the two gentlemen who had dined there on Christmas Day had again driven over from Worcester. It was Major Fife. He declined to come indoors, saying he had not time, but asked the captain to walk about a bit with him out of doors. So they made their way round to the side of the house where the trees and shrubs were thick.

While Sir Dene was thus sitting alone in the dusk, almost dark, Gander presented himself, saying that Mr. Parker had called to pay his rent. Rather glad to receive it,—for the rent, half a year's, had been due since Michaelmas—Sir Dene bid Gander show him in. Mr. Parker entered, making many apologies for not having been able to bring the money before. Sir Dene, always considerate to his tenants, especially to the small ones, heard him with good-nature, and filled in a receipt—some of which he kept ready written in that upright piece of furniture, the secretaire—by firelight. The money, forty pounds, was handed to Sir Dene in a canvas bag generally used for

samples of barley, the farmer observing that twenty pounds of it was in gold and the rest in notes on the Worcester Old Bank, and that Sir Dene would find the amount correct. Sir Dene nodded; he had no doubt of that; and put the bag on the table, unopened. Mr. Parker, declining refreshment, left, being in a hurry, saying he would call for his bag in a day or two and drink a glass of ale then. After his departure, Sir Dene sat a few minutes in thought, and then with a deep sigh stood up, undid the bag, and counted the money. He was putting it back in the bag and tying the tape round the neck when Tom Clanwaring came in. The sight of him disturbed Sir Dene afresh. Hastily thrusting the bag into the secretaire, the lid of which stood open, he was about to look it, when either from agitation or by accident he dropped the key. Tom stepped forward and picked it up, to save his grandfather stooping. Sir Dene locked the secretaire, but did not take the key out: for Tom had begun to speak, and he turned quickly to confront him in his anger, pointing imperiously to the door.

"Quit my presence."

Not on the instant did Tom obey. He had come in to speak his contrition for the heat he had displayed an hour before, the passion given way to in the presence of him, his grandfather. Not a syllable would Sir Dene hear: and by way of summarily cutting short the discussion, he went out of the room, leaving Tom in it. Gander standing at his pantry door, accosted his master as he was passing on to the dining-room to say that Cole, the farrier, was craving a minute's speech of Sir Dene.

"I can't see him; I can't attend to anything just now," interrupted Sir Dene. "Let him come later."

Gander had no need to repeat this to Cole, for the man was standing behind him and heard it. Cole had been regaled in the servants' hall with the account of the explosion, and that Mr. Tom was turned out. Saying he would call again towards night, he took his departure.

After pacing the dining-room for three or four minutes in much perturbation, Sir Dene returned to the bay parlor. It was empty then—as he expected—the door was shut and all things were apparently undisturbed. Remembering that he had left the key in the lock of the secretaire, Sir Dene took it out before he sat down.

Rather a remarkable circumstance it was, and taken in conjunction with another remarkable circumstance to be told of immediately, Sir Dene did not again quit the bay parlor, but remained in it for the evening. He took nothing but a basin of soup for his dinner; and that he caused Gander to bring to him: the family, you remember, going to dine at the Hall. Between seven and eight o'clock he sent Gander to summon to his presence Tom Clanwaring, who was then upstairs packing his things. This was to be the last interview. Very coldly and distantly did Sir Dene speak to Tom, gave him a few concise instructions as to how he was to proceed to take the mail that night as it passed through Worcester on its way to Bristol, and thence travel to the latter place, where he would wait at an inn for instructions from Ireland. Taking out his pocket-book, he handed him a sum of money in notes for his journey, and something over, shook hands with him by way of farewell and dismissed him; wishing him, as a parting injunction, better behavior in another place than he had latterly displayed at Beechhurst Dene. Tom would have lingered. He earnestly desired to say a word in his own defence—though, be it always understood, he was entirely ignorant of any particularly grave offence being attributed to him—to plead his cause and ask *why* his grandfather was taking this extreme measure of discarding him. But Sir Dene stopped him at the outset: he refused to hear a word, and told him that he would not. And that was their final leave-taking. Tom completed his packing, and then went to seek the interview with May Arde. Sir Dene sat on, alone.

Between eight and nine Cole came again, and was admitted. His business was to get the prescription for some famous new horse medicine of which Sir Dene had spoken to him a week before, and promised the loan of. Sir Dene went at once to the secretaire to get the paper, telling Cole to hold the light. The first thing that struck Sir Dene on pulling down the lid, was that the bag of money was gone. In his astonishment he spoke words which disclosed enough to Cole—the circumstances of the loss and the amount of money in the bag. Even as Sir Dene spoke, the thought flashed over him that it could only have been taken by Tom—that no one else had had accession to the room: and in his horror and fear lest such a disgrace on the name of Clanwaring should be published, he first of all enjoined the man to silence, and then strove to smooth the matter by saying it was possible the bag was not lost but had been removed to the safer quarters of his own chamber upstairs. Cole took his cue, and affected to believe that his Honor would there find it. The horse-doctor was a keen man, and some muttered words of Sir Dene's, "What! has he done this in addition to the rest?" almost made him doubt whether suspicion might not be turning on Tom. However, it was not a business that he could presume to intermeddle with. Thanking the baronet for the prescription, Cole said good-night with the most unconscious look in the world.

Then Sir Dene called Gander in, and bade him shut the door. "When I went out of this parlor to the dining-room earlier in the evening—do you mind it, Gander?" began he. "It was when you told me Cole had come up, and I said I could not see him. D'ye mind it, I ask?"

"Yes, Sir Dene."

"I left Mr. Tom in this parlor. How long did he stay in it? Did you notice him when he came out?"

"He didn't come out this way at all, Sir Dene. He must ha' left it by the window here."

"How d'ye know?"

"Well, sir, he was not in here when you came back again—I followed you in directly, if you remember, with the candles. And I'm sure he had not come out at the door while you were away, Sir Dene. If he had I must ha' seen him. Mr. Tom oftener goes out by this here glass-doors window nor any other way, when he's a wanting to go straight out o'doors."

Sir Dene paused. "Was came into the room beside, while I was away from it?"

"Not a soul," replied Gander.

And that exactly accorded with Sir Dene's own impression. As he had not shut the door of the dining-room, he thought he must have seen them if they did. Nevertheless, he *hoped* the contrary, and spoke accordingly in his mind's exasperation.

"Somebody did, I know."

"Somebody didn't, Sir Dene," returned Gander, with the familiarity of an old servant. "They couldn't. I never was beyond sight o' the door."

It was true. Gander's pantry and Sir Dene's door were within view of each other on opposite sides of the passage. It was simply impossible that any one could have entered the bay parlor during the short interval in question, unseen by Gander.

"Did you see Mr. Tom when he came into it?" resumed Sir Dene, as if willing to put the extent of Gander's sight to the test.

"I watched him in, sir. 'Twere just after Farmer Parker left. As Mr. Tom came down the passage, he asked me whether Sir Dene was in the bay parlor; I said yes, and he went in. I could hear you and him talk together for a half a minute, Sir Dene, and then you come out o'nt. Mr. Tom he didn't come out at all; he must ha' went through the glass doors."

And with this conclusive evidence, what was Sir Dene Clanwaring to think but that Tom was the culprit. It was clear as though they had seen him do it, reiterated Lady Lydia.

Such was the story told to Mr. Arde. In the impulse of the moment he took up the belief as warmly as they did, assuming Tom could not be innocent, except by a miracle; that he had been driven into crime at last. And though he regarded it with nearly as much horror as Sir Dene—for was not Tom connected with him?—he felt a large amount of pity. "Turned out nearly penniless, I suppose, and so the temptation was too great," thought the Squire to himself, as he went out from the presence of Sir Dene. But this feeling of pity Lady Lydia unconsciously crushed.

"And yet, I can hardly think he'd do it!" burst forth Mr. Arde, a revolution of opinion setting in as he stood outside the front door, talking with her.

My lady glanced round, making sure they were quite alone, and sunk her voice to a whisper.

"You'd not say so if you knew all. The other thing he has been guilty of is worse than that."

"*Worse* than that!"

"At least—if not worse, it's something very bad indeed of another nature. People estimate offences with different eyes, you know, Mr. Arde. *I* think theft might only have been expected from a man given to low tastes and low associations as is Tom Clanwaring."

"But what is the other thing that he has done?" resumed the Squire. "Can't you tell me?"

"I cannot tell you, dear Mr. Arde. The probability is that you will hear of it before long—for I should think the neighborhood is sure to get hold of it; but Sir Dene has forbidden it to be spoken of by any of us. My good son Jarvis too has begged me to be silent for the young man's sake. Ill as Tom Clanwaring has behaved, he is yet considerate for him."

Away went the Squire, the words burning a hole in his curiosity, and puzzling him mightily. For he was no wiser than ever, you see, as to what had driven Tom from Beechhurst Dene. "He must have turned out an awful scamp of some sort," was his mental thought.

"Well?—what have you learnt?—what has led to his abrupt dismissal?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Arde, as her husband entered. Most excessively curious on her own score, she had been waiting with impatience the result of his visit to the Dene. May, standing by, held her breath as she listened for the answer.

"I can't come to the bottom of it," said Mr. Arde; "neither Sir Dene nor my lady seems inclined to speak out. There has been a series of general misconduct, I fancy; petty ill-doings one after another; Lady Lydia says no one can imagine what they have had to put up with from him, and how forbearing they have been. But"—and Mr. Arde's tones fell to something like fear—"whatever his petty offences might have been, he need not have capped them with a crime."

May's trembling lips parted. "A crime!" echoed Mrs. Arde.

"He went off with a bag of money belonging to Sir Dene. Stole it from the secretaire."

"No!" passionately cried May. "That he never did."

Mr. Arde turned his eyes upon her in surprise.

"What are you frightened at, child? It does not affect you. I called out No, just as you have done, until I heard the facts."

"And was *this* what he was dismissed for?" inquired Mrs. Arde.

"No, no; did you not understand me? This occurred *after* his dismissal—as he was going away. I tell you I can't get at the truth of what he was sent away for," continued Mr. Arde. "Lady Lydia says it's too bad to be spoken of. I don't think they'd have told me about the theft of the money either, but for a word my lady let drop, and so I asked Sir Dene point blank. But, mark you, though it has been disclosed to me—this theft—I am connected with the fellow unfortunately, and that makes a difference—not a syllable of it must be breathed abroad. Lady Lydia, incensed though she has cause to be against Tom, begged me to bury it in silence for his own sake. As if I should proclaim it! The disgrace would reflect itself on me almost as much as on the Clanwarings."

Miss May metaphorically tossed her head, incipiently rebellious. "It's all of a piece," ran her mental thoughts. "A 'long series of petty ill-doings,' finishing off with something too bad to be spoken of, and a bag of money! Oh, the wicked slanderers! They might just as well go and say that I had done it."

But that was destined to be an eventful night in more ways than one, and there's something else to be told of it. Somewhere about the hour that the money must have disappeared—that is, during the short interval Sir Dene was absent from the bay parlor—a little earlier or a little later as might have been, Mary Barber went over on an errand to Beechhurst Dene. Neighbors in rural districts borrow household trifles indiscriminately of one another; when no shops are within convenient reach, this is almost a matter of necessity. Harebell Farm happened to be out of a very insignificant commodity—lemons. Mr. Tillet, coming home in the course of the afternoon from attending the corn market at Worcester, the first market of the new year, told Mary Barber that he had invited some friends to spend the following day at the farm, and particularly desired that a lemon pudding should be made. Vexed at her own forgetfulness, she made no demur, thinking she would borrow the lemons from Beechhurst Dene. Sometimes the Dene borrowed things of her. So at dusk, Mary Barber, putting on a shawl and bonnet, went across the lane on her errand. She had just entered the gate when a man came dashing down the path right upon her, and laid hold of her, as if for protection from some pursuing evil. Very considerably astonished was Mary Barber; and not the less so when she recognized the intruder through the dusk to be Randy Black. Randy in mortal fear. The man was completely unhinged; his face white, his hands shaking, his breath coming in gasps. In the moment's abandonment he confessed the cause of this—which he most assuredly would not have done at a calmer time. He had just seen Robert Owen.

The assertion startled Mary Barber into nearly as much terror as his own. It was so long, too, now since anything of the kind had been talked of. Black, it appeared—at least this was his own account—was going to the Dene to try and get speech with Captain Clanwaring. He was about halfway down the path to the house, when some man (as he at first took it to be) glided out from between the trees and stood facing him. The next moment, Black saw that it was Robert Owen. Black turned tail and took to flight in awful terror; and so met Mary Barber. Mary Barber, listening to this, looking at the gloomy path before her, the dark winter trees around her, decided to let the lemons be just then and send somebody else for them by-and-by.

They passed out of the gate together, Black sticking very close to her. She went back to her own gate—he went too: it actually seemed as if the man dared not just then be without some companionship. He was getting better of his illness, but was very ailing still—and Mr. Friar had ordered him not to go out. Which order Black paid no manner of attention to. The carter's boy at Harebell Farm, leaving work for the night, came through the farm gate in his smock frock, whistling.

"If ye'll go up along o' me to the inn and bring down a physic bottle as I wants took to Dr. Friar's, I'll gi' ye a sixpence, Ned Pound," said Black.

And Mary Barber could not help noticing how the man's voice shook still.

"I'll go, and thank ye," replied Ned Pound, after a pause of doubt as to whether so astoundingly munificent an offer could be real—for the boy had never had a sixpence of his own in his whole life. "I say, what makes your teeth rattle so?"

"It's this confounded cold night," replied Black: "enough to freeze one's bones it is. Come along."

Mary Barber looked after them as they went up the lane, Black's hand on the lad's shoulder. The extreme terror when displayed by such a hardened man as Black, struck her, and always had struck her, as being marvellously strange.

"He didn't dare go on by himself," thought she: "that physic bottle's nought but a lame excuse. A whole sixpence to give! Ned Pound 'll be rich. And now—what should he' brought back the poor master again? I'd thought he was laid."

What indeed. But in this one instance Black's sight and fears misled him. The figure he had taken for an apparition, was no other than one of flesh and blood—Major Fife's. It will be remembered that Sir Dene Clanwaring and Gander both noticed the striking resemblance that Major Fife bore to the late Robert Owen.

It happened that Major Fife had come over from Worcester that afternoon to press his claims again on Jarvis Clanwaring. Totally declining to be put off any longer with vague promises, which Jarvis could alone give, the Major (not caring in his own interest to proceed to extremities,) discussed the face of things as they walked about together amidst the winter trees, both of them smoking. To appeal to Sir Dene—as Major Fife had threatened to do, there and then—would not serve the cause, Jarvis assured him, but the contrary; most probably destroy all hope from that quarter for the future. Jarvis offered to give him a legal undertaking to repay a portion of the money, if not all, by that day fortnight, the 15th of January. It was the best he could do. You can't get blood out of a stone. Captain Clanwaring was tolerably candid about the state of his affairs; and the Major, clearly seeing there was no chance of making better terms, was fain to accept these. While Jarvis went in to write the document, the Major, preferring still to remain where he was and finish his tobacco, strolled in and out amidst the trees, and down the path: and thus ensued the encounter with Black. The man's extraordinary behavior, evidently the result of terror, astonished Major Fife not a little. He mentioned it to Captain Clanwaring on his return with the paper: the Captain fancied by the description given of the man, that it must be Randy Black; but he could not account for his conduct. Major Fife at once departed in the gig; which James, the groom, had been taking charge of at the front entrance.

And as Ned Pound was coming down Harebell Lane, with the physic bottle and the promised sixpence, he met Captain Clanwaring striding up to the Trailing Indian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ When the Misses Collier of Geneva, N. Y., reached their uncle's house at Rochester, Wednesday, they were surprised to find a hearse standing at the door, and horrified on finding that the dead was their sister Eva, whom they had come to visit. While giving way to the outburst of grief which naturally followed, a dispatch came from Geneva announcing that their sister at home, who was well when they left her in the morning, had suddenly died.

☞ Saratoga water is good for a torpid liver, but bad for weak stomach and bowels.

☞ Of eighty-three ladies who left a popular restaurant at Boston one day last week, only nine came out of the door looking in the direction they meant to pursue; the rest all took half a dozen paces while they were looking the contrary way. A person paid to take notes so reported, and a heavy wager was won on it.

NEW VERSION.

Better on cabbage boiled to dine
If love be at the board,
Than beat beefsteak and finest wines
You cannot well afford.

☞ Considering how often Horace Greeley tells people to "go West," he is jocosely styled a West Pointer.

☞ Napoleon visits London every day, generally following along the sunny side of Bond street, or haunts the bow windows of a club-house. He is very popular with the working-classes, who cheer him, and he is getting very fat.

☞ An exchange, wanting to compliment a "Live Stock Journal," says it is edited by a man whose head is chuck full of live stock. Doubtful compliment.

THE SEA SHORE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CAPE MAY, July 26th, 1871.

DEAR POST:—Here I am at Cape May, enjoying, as Mrs. Partington would say, "the opium cum digitalis," in perfection. The sea shore is the only place where I can sit still and do nothing. Everywhere else, Conscience will cry, "Up and be doing," if I am able for five minutes of the time in which my feeble health allows me to work. But here I stand on the sun-lit balcony, lounge in the ladies' parlor, or inhale the strength-imparting breeze on the beach, gaze from sea to sky, from wave to cloud, and restfully feel that "the present moment is my own."

Cape May is, as usual, affluent in style and beauty, and the entertainments are brilliant and varied. A series of Children's Hops has been inaugurated—and although I am one of the old-fashioned theorists, who think that children are best in bed after eight o'clock in the evening, I could not help contemplating with pleasure the pretty faces, graceful forms, and twinkling feet of the juvenile performers—until I almost fancied that a detachment from Fairyland, headed by Oberon and Titania in person, had come down to enjoy the bathing season at Cape May.

And the Ocean Bath! That inspiriting, almost intoxicating luxury. To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands may be very exciting, but I prefer a series of rounds with the white crested breakers. And oh! the transformations exhibited before and after the bath. Fairies, Nymphs, Nereids, trip down to the watery ordeal and emerge from it pale, blue, tremulous, Fates and Goblins, until dry clothes and fresh air bring back the fugitive roses. I cannot understand why the old mythologists made Venus arise from the Sea. Our Yankee Venuses look like anything but goddesses as they come up dripping and dishevelled from being "interviewed" by the Tritons.

Yesterday we had a fearful storm. People say that the waves rose higher than had been known for many years. From the Inlet on the West, and the Ocean on the East, came the threatening waters—and although the Philadelphia House stands high, we felt rather "dubus" for a little while. But Neptune and his cohorts retired as rapidly as they had advanced; and the beach meadows, like patriotic Irishmen, are "wearing of the green."

Imprisoned by the storm, we all retreated to the ladies' parlor, and organized a literary entertainment—readings and recitations. Mrs. J. L. R——, a lady as remarkable for her mental endowments as for her social and domestic graces, read "The Roll Call" and "Errors of the Press"—two pieces very dissimilar in style, yet she executed both to perfection. The star-eyed Miss Nina M—— did full justice to herself and her teacher, in "Malibran's Charity" and "The Ghost;" and the graceful Miss Clara G. G. gave us "Sheridan's Ride" so spiritedly, that we almost heard the hoof-beats. Mrs. A. B. was on hand, of course, when Readings were in progress, and from her we had "The Myrtle and Steel," "The Legend of Syracuse," &c., and the party broke up mutually pleased and complimentary.

But there goes the dinner bell, "that tocsin of the soul." Good-by till I have time to write again.

ANNA AMARANTH.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOURS OF EXERCISE IN THE ALPS. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., author of "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," &c. Professor Tyndall appears to have done a vast amount of climbing among the Alps, a record of which, in his own clear and charming style, with scientific explanations when needed, is here laid before the reader. A number of excellent engravings illustrate the text. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

ALMOST FAULTLESS. A Story of the Present Day. By the author of "A Book for Governesses." Published D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LITTLE GEMS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. Compiled by S. H. PIERCE. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE IRON MASK. Fourth Series of "The Three Guardsmen." By ALEXANDER DUMAS, author of "The Count of Monte Christo," &c., Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The August number contains "Werewolves and Swan Maidens," by John Fiske; "My Father's Shipwreck;" "Nicholas Ferrar," by G. A. E.; "The Singer," by J. G. Whittier, &c. Published by James R. Osgood & Co. Boston.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE. The August number contains its usual excellent variety of selections from foreign periodicals. Published by L. R. Hamersley & Co., Philada.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE. The August number contains "Bivouac and Battle," "The Doctor's Daughter," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

RULES AND REGULATIONS of the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, commencing on September 6, 1871. See Advertisement.

☞ SIZE OF HATS.—The Philadelphia Ledger says that hat and cap manufacturers in different quarters of the United States use different sizes of hats and caps as standard sizes. Boston and the Eastern states use the smallest sizes, New York and the Middle states use the medium to largest sizes, and Chicago and the Western states require the largest sizes. Goods manufactured for one market cannot be sold for the other, only in exceptional cases. The South use a shape peculiar to themselves and of large size. The largest hats, however, do not always cover the largest heads—as height has a good deal to do with that, as well as circumference of base.

☞ The Common Council of Rochester lately requested the Police Commissioners of that city to enforce the state law for the observance of the Sabbath. The strict enforcement of this law would require the arrest of all persons riding out, and the compelling them to show that they were on lawful errands; the milk venders could not sell after nine A. M.; the railroad men, and travellers, and employes of the gasworks would all need checking. It was such a big job that the Police Commissioners did not attempt it.

☞ Grapes are sold at a cent and a half a pound in the vineyards in California, and would pay handsomely at half the price.

"Askers."

A writer tells this odd story of life in London:—A lady residing in the West End, and not far from Portland place, had a servant in whom she took considerable interest, and partly because she had received faithful service from her. This domestic, as the manner of domestics now is (generally by stipulation and contract), had a follower named John Armstrong. To all appearance he was a respectable man, and perfectly unobjectionable in every particular. So confident was she of his excellent character, from his appearance, that the girl's mistress allowed his visits without the slightest hesitation, and took an interest in the girl's welfare—being anxious, as she expressed it, to see her comfortably settled. Judging from the exterior, he was a clerk in some bank, or cashier to some private firm. In due time the marriage came off, and the couple left town for their humble honeymoon of a week, toward the expenses of which the bride's ex-mistress contributed a generous amount, besides exerting herself to see that the little home in Islington was neatly furnished and ready to receive the "happy pair" when they returned to town. Some few days after this latter event the lady called upon her late domestic, and found her comfortably settled and apparently as happy as a queen. The following colloquy took place between them on the occasion:

Mistress—Mary, I have often wondered what business your husband is in; what is he?

Maid—He's an asker, ma'am.

Mistress—A what, Mary?

Maid—Oh, he asks, ma'am.

Mistress—Yes, I suppose he does, if he's an "asker." But what does it mean?

The young bride colored, and for some time declined to answer the question, but on being pressed she confessed that her husband was a professional beggar. "He asked." The lady was perfectly thunderstruck, as may be imagined, and with an exclamation on the deceit of man in general, left the house with a determination never to return. She was grievously enraged with herself that her good nature had been imposed upon at the expense of her judgment.

This was the modus operandi of the "asker," as learned from his wife, who had grown so accustomed to the peculiar profession of her husband that she failed evidently to see its shortcomings, the fact of its placing them in a state of independent comfort rounding off many of the corners it might otherwise have possessed. Early in the morning he left his charming little residence in Islington, and wended his way to the classic precincts of Shoreditch. A certain house in one of the crowded streets of that locality was his rendezvous, and that of his singular tribe. Here they changed their clothing, and sallied forth on their begging and beggarly calling. Late at night they returned, changed their clothes again, repaired to their homes, where they lived—and in fact do live now—in comparative luxury. Mr. Armstrong, I understand, clears one hundred and fifty pounds a year at his trade, which, as his wife says, is indubitably "respectable." "Besides," she adds, "so long as he gets his living honestly, what does it matter to anybody?"

The house of this celebrated couple is scrupulously neat and clean; and probably because John debars himself of certain comforts during the day, it is stored with blessings for him at night. He has solved the problem, how to live without working, and indiscriminate charity is enabling him day by day to live almost, if not quite, at his ease.

☞ There are at present upward of 2,000,000 of the population of the earth who have a depraved appetite for human flesh, make no scruples of butchering a missionary, and would toast the prettiest baby in Christendom for breakfast without compunction. It is gratifying to learn that the habits of these people are gradually diminishing their numbers.

☞ Our railroad superintendents are greatly disturbed to accommodate fashionable summer trunks. Where a trunk is larger than a car the difficulty is somewhat embarrassing.

☞ No less than two hundred and twenty-four life insurance companies have been wound up in Great Britain within the last twenty-six years. This is twice as many as now exist there.

☞ In Missouri, the other day, a swarm of bees alighted upon a little boy who was in a field with his father, who bade him keep perfectly still. The bees hung from his ears, chin, and nose in great bunches, and clung in thick clusters on every part of his body. After they had all settled, the father removed the boy's cap from his head to a bush, and the entire swarm followed. The lad received only one sting during the startling performance. Strange things happen out West.

☞ At Springfield, Mass., recently, one of the pews in a Presbyterian church was occupied by two young men and a young woman who sat between them. As they appeared to pay little attention to the remarks of the minister, and seemed engaged in something very attractive among themselves, the sexton stepped up, and then he saw the young lady's dress drawn tightly across her knees, and the trio engaged in an exciting game of euchre at 25 cents a corner. Many of the congregation fainted upon learning the true state of affairs, and the minister fears the church is forever disgraced.

☞ Teresa Gambardella, a girl of thirteen, a native of Palermo, has recently attracted much attention in Vienna by the fact that her body is so thickly covered with hair that it more resembles fur than anything else. Even her forehead—the first instance of the kind on record—is covered; her head is very similar to a monkey's, and different parts of her figure bear out the striking similarity. Her habits and peculiarities correspond with those of the quadrumana species, and the interest she has excited in the public and among the scientific class is altogether unprecedented. Here seems to be a remarkable illustration of Darwin's theory.

☞ One of the characteristics of hotel clerks is illustrated in an incident which occurred at Saratoga. General Sherman arrived at midnight at a prominent hotel, dressed in an old soiled duster, buttoned close to his throat, with his straggling red beard radiating in a thousand separate and distinct directions, and without giving his name, inquired if he could have a room. The clerk, in the blandest manner, informed him that he had just one left, a rear room, in the fourth story. When the clerk had read the name of the distinguished guest, he had no difficulty in finding a splendid room vacant on the ground floor in front.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ A clever man, M——, who had run counter to the general opinions, pronounced himself strongly against a popular work. In all societies, he was answered that the public had come to a very different conclusion from this. "The public!" he rejoined, "how many fools must you collect together to form a public?"

☞ An eminent New England physician has remarked, after nearly forty years's experience, that when the fruit has been cut off in the towns to which his practice was mainly limited, there was always an increase of bilious troubles, and usually a larger than an average amount of general sickness.

☞ Experiments of an elaborate and exhaustive character have shown that the popular notion, that cast-iron is more liable to break under intense cold, is a mistake. The reverse is true.

☞ Twenty-five hundred women, convicted of setting fire, or attempting to set fire, to buildings in Paris, have been sentenced to transportation to New Caledonia.

☞ Out of thirty thousand volumes in the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, over seventeen thousand are never called for by anybody.

☞ Houston county, Ga., has a regular Ku-klox hen. She kills all black chickens as soon as hatched.

☞ A gentleman in Massachusetts, from the 4th to the 25th of May, realized sixteen hundred dollars net from the sale of strawberries grown on six acres of land.

☞ Writers on health must be careful how they recommend innovations which disturb domestic peace. A country editor, who carries concealed weapons, is searching for the writer who sent his wife a circular recommending that carpets should be taken up and beaten every month.

☞ The Delaware Peninsula will, it is reported, this year ship three million five hundred thousand baskets of peaches, or five hundred thousand more than last year.

☞ The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than one that maketh a tart reply. Hear, oh Anne Dickinson!

☞ The agricultural report for July, indicates that the potato crop will be above the average. The apple crop will be short in all the large apple growing states.

☞ A Western paper tells a story of a man who, having gone into a heavy purchase of pork on a falling market, was overheard praying in the following style: "Oh, Lord, for my sake just advance hogs one cent per hundred, and I won't pay but four dollars per hundred for any more—Amen."

☞ A California paper having accused the Memphis Appeal of telling a falsehood, the Louisville Courier-Journal remarks:—"It is comparatively safe, when there is half a continent between you and a Memphis editor, to tell him that he lies; but it is death under any other circumstances."

☞ Mr. O. N. Rood has been carrying out researches on the subject of the duration of lightning-flashes, and the result of his experiments is, that the duration of flashes of lightning, as observed by him, and measured by means fully described in his memoir, during a violent thunder-storm in August last, amounts, in round numbers, to about 1-500th of a second.

☞ Why is a woman tying her corset like a man drinking to drown care? Because, in *so-lacing* herself, she becomes *tight*.

☞ A letter from Hayti, received at New York, says that nineteen citizens of that republic have been arrested and imprisoned at Petronville for cantibalism.

☞ A Washington paper says that a few evenings ago two of the most noted woman suffragists of that city, with their husbands, went into a restaurant and asked for oysters. The proprietor invited them to a private room, which they declined, saying, "Oh, no! we want to do just as the men do." They went to the raw-box—the quartette of them—and ate raw oysters until the four got outside of two dozen raw, when they called for four glasses of ale, and drank them down as though they had been used to oysters and ale.

Value of Advertising.

"Without advertising I should be a poor man to-day."—*H. T. Helmbold.*

"I advertised my productions and made money."—*Nicholas Longworth.*

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—*Amos Lawrence.*

"A man who is liberal in advertising is liberal in trade, and such a man succeeds while his neighbor with just as good goods fails and drops out of market."—*Horace Greeley.*

"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising.—*A. T. Stewart.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good Commissions allowed. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Lectures of the Session of 1871-72 will commence on the FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER, and continue for six months.

Besides the Clinical Lectures, four Didactic Lectures, will be delivered daily throughout the entire term.

FEES:

To students of Michigan, $30 for the first year: $10 for all subsequent years.

To all others, $25 for the first year, and $10 for all subsequent years.

For further information address,

ABM. SAGER, M. D.

Dean of the Medical Faculty,

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

ap23-1t

$10 A DAY, with Stencil Tools. Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt. aug5-ly.

WARTS AND MOLES—How to remove them. Enclose 25c to Box 213, Bristol, Pa. aug5-3t

CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, 1871.

THE SECOND GRAND EXHIBITION OF MANUFACTURES, PRODUCTS AND ARTS,

WILL BE HELD AT CINCINNATI, FROM

Sept. 6th, until Oct. 7th, 1871.

In immense Buildings especially erected for this purpose, in *the centre of the city, costing over* $90,000, and in every particular far surpassing the Great Exposition of last year. It will be the largest display ever held in the United States.

Power Hall for Machinery in motion covers nearly one acre, and 50 feet high. Fine Art Department, 250 feet in length, Central Hall, 150 by 11 feet, and 70 feet high, Horticulture Department, 167 feet by 80 feet, and 26 feet high; and four other departments of large dimensions, presenting a floor space of over 3 acres.

Building open to receive articles August 16, 1871.

The most ample arrangements have been made for the conveyance of articles and visitors to the Exposition.

For full particulars, address

H. McCOLLUM, Secretary. A. T. GOSBORN, President.

aug5 cow2t

MONEY IN YOUR POCKET.—Send Fifty Cents and get something worth Three Dollars. Address J. S. ZELLEY, P. O., Box 48, Mt. Holly, N. J. au521

HOW TO BEAUTIFY the Complexion without injury to the skin. For information enclose 25c to Box 213, Bristol, Pa. au5-3t

NO TRUST.—Rich Card for Bar-rooms, Stores, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money returned. Mailed for 25 cents. Address BLUD, Port Deposit, Maryland. au5-3t

$50 FROM ONE DOLLAR.—Send 25 cts. for Sample and Circular. "LINDER," Bethalto, Illinois.

WHISKERS! One package of Prof. Hall's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded; 25 cts. a package, post-paid; 3 for 50 cents. EDGAR JONES, au5—4t Ashland, Mass.

FOR SALE,

Six Per Cent. Loan of the City of Williamsport, Pennsylvania,

FREE OF ALL TAXES,

At 85 and Accrued Interest.

These Bonds are made absolutely secure by Act of Legislature compelling the City to levy sufficient tax to pay interest and principal.

P. S. PETERSON & CO.,

NO. 39 S. THIRD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

mh4-20t

A **CERTAIN CURE** for CANCERS and WENS sent for $1. Warranted to cure. Address K. H. NOLLNER, may27-4teow Short Bend, Mo.

"DOMESTIC"

The whole world challenged to produce a Family Sewing Machine that will sew as *light* and as *heavy*; light running and easily operated. The best machine for use, the easiest to sell, the most durable—will last a life-time. Lock stitch, noiseless, attachments unequaled. A good business may be established in any city or town in the U. S. This machine has established its superiority in every instance where it has come in competition with any machine in the market. Men with capital are finding it to their advantage to make the sale of this machine their exclusive business. *Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.* Machines guarranteed as represented. Address **"Domestic" Sewing Machine Company,** 98 Chambers Street, New York, or Toledo, Ohio, and 1315 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. ju24-9teow

HOW TO BEHAVE.—"A Handbook of Etiquette, and Guide to True Politeness," 15c.; "The Model Letter-Writer," 15c.; "How to Talk and Debate," 15c.; "The Art of Ventriloquism, with Instructions for Making the Magic Whistle," 15c.; "Courtship and Marriage," 15c. Mailed. Address B. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. aug20-cowly

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE of Pennsylvania. Lectures commence October 3, 1871. Fees for the course $60. No other expenses. Send for Announcement. JOSEPH RITER, M. D., Dean, 514 Pine St., Philadelphia. ju10-12t

1,700,000 ACRES IN IOWA!

180,000 Acres in Nebraska!!

THE

R. R. LAND COMPANIES

OF IOWA AND NEBRASKA,

OFFER THE ABOVE LANDS TO SETTLERS, at $3 to $10 per acre, on time at six per cent., or for cash. These Companies have determined to have their lands settled at the earliest possible day, in order to increase the business of their Railroads, which are now all completed, and therefore offer the *BEST LANDS* in the *BEST STATES*, at the *LOWEST PRICES*. We sell

Land Exploring Tickets,

at our Offices in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and at No. 1 La Salle street, Chicago. Railroad fares west of those places *REFUNDED* to holders of exploring tickets who purchase 80 acres or more. Large Reductions of R. R. fare to colonies, or parties of 25, or more. Colored Maps, showing all the lands in both states, sent for 20 cents. Pamphlets and County Maps sent *FREE*, to all parts of the world. Apply to

W. W. WALKER, Vice Pres't., may13-12t Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

50 PICTURES, "*Valuable Recipes,*" and "*Secrets Worth Knowing,*" sent free. Address Box 74, "Station A," New York city. mh11-26t

HOTTENTOTS SEEN GATHERING BUCHU LEAVES AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FOR H. T. HELMBOLD.

BUCHU.

[From Dispensatory of the United States.]

DIOSMA CRENATA—BUCHU LEAVES.

PROPERTIES.—Their odor is strong, diffusive and somewhat aromatic; their taste bitterish and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant.

They are given in complaints such as Gravel, Disease of the Prostrate Gland, &c. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections and Dropsy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is used by persons from the ages of 18 to 25, and from 35 to 55, or in the decline or change of life.

In affections peculiar to Females, the Extract Buchu is unequalled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrous State of the Uterus.

DISEASES OF THE BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcerous depositions and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Ulceration of the Kidneys, Diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Calculus, Gravel, Brick-Dust Deposit, and for enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Eruption on the Face, Pallid Countenance, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, etc.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is Diuretic and Blood-Purifying, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, excesses and imprudences in life, impurities of the Blood, etc.

Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other.

Describe symptoms in all communications.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA,

The Great Blood Purifier and Beautifier of the Complexion.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

will radically exterminate from the system Scrofula, Syphilis, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Sore Legs, Sore Mouth, Sore Head, Bronchitis, Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum, Cankers, Humours from the Ear, White swellings, Tumors, Cancerous Affections, Nodes, Rickets, Glandular Swellings, Night Sweats, Rash, Tetter, Humors of all kinds, Chronic Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all diseases that have been established in the system for years.

BEING PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE ABOVE COMPLAINTS, ITS BLOOD-PURIFYING PROPERTIES ARE GREATER THAN ANY OTHER PREPARATION OF SARSAPARILLA. IT GIVES THE COMPLEXION A CLEAR AND HEALTHY COLOR, AND RESTORES THE PATIENT TO A STATE OF HEALTH AND PURITY. FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD, REMOVING ALL CHRONIC CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, AND THE ONLY RELIABLE AND EFFECTUAL KNOWN REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF PAINS AND SWELLINGS OF THE BONES, ULCERATIONS OF THE THROAT AND LEGS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, ERYSIPELAS, AND ALL SCALY ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

The most reliable *PURGATIVE* and *CATHARTIC* known, superseding Salts, Magnesia, etc., in Sick or Nervous Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, General Debility, etc. No nausea, no griping pains, but mild, pleasant and safe in operation.

The *CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS* are purely vegetable, being composed of Catawba Grape Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb.

Beware of those cheap patent pills, carelessly prepared by inexperienced persons, vended in wooden boxes, most of which contain either calomel, mercury or other deleterious drugs.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS. Established upward of 20 years. Prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD, Practical and Analytical Chemist,

594 Broadway, N. Y., and 104 South Tenth st., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. au5-cowly

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $20 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. feb25-26t

AGENTS WANTED We desire to leave one of our Lock Stitch Sewing Machines in every town as an advertisement. A special offer. Address, with stamp, UNION SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA. may20-26t

$15,000 A YEAR FOR ALL, MALE OR FEMALE. *This is no humbug.* Business strictly honorable. Address, L. L. GARSIDE, PATERSON, N. J. july1-26t

WANTED. ☞ 100,000 MEN

To Labor at their Homes, or Travel part or all of the time. Will send a Sample Free to commence work with. M. M. TILTON, Pittsburgh, Pa. jy15-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS. The largest, best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. Send for Circulars, with terms, at once. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill., and 177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. may27-13t

SENT FREE TO AGENTS.

A Pocket Prospectus of the best Illustrated English Bible, published in both English and German, containing Bible History, Dictionary, Analysis, Harmony, and History of Religions.

W. FLINT & CO., ju3-13t 26 South 7th St., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS LOOK! The Eureka Patent Linen Stamp and Card Printer, will outsell anything. A novelty everybody wants—convenient, useful, and uniquely beautiful. *Success Sure.*—$3 to $20 per day easily made. Any name, sent post-paid, on receipt of price ($1.00). Liberal terms to agents. Send for Circulars to CHURCHILL & TEMPLETON, Manufacturers, 615 Broadway, N. Y. ap29-6m

$150 A MONTH! EMPLOYMENT; EXTRA INDUCEMENTS!

A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20.00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Missouri. jan21-1y

WANTED—AGENTS, ($20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides,) and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep17-1y

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

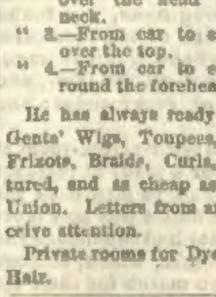
It contains over 100 fine engravings of Battle Scenes and incidents in the War, and is the only AUTHENTIC and OFFICIAL history of that great conflict. Agents are meeting with unprecedented success selling from 20 to 40 copies per day, and it is published in both English and German.

CAUTION Inferior histories are being circulated. See that the book you buy contains 100 fine engravings and 740 pages. Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philada., Pa. ju3-26t

$250 a month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure circular and samples, *free*. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. ju3-26t

WOMAN, Know Thyself.—The great publication by Dr. Chavasse, WOMAN AS A WIFE AND MOTHER, will save you money and suffering. Agents wanted everywhere; ladies preferred. For terms address WM. R. EVANS, & CO., 740 Sansom street, Philadelphia. ju24-12t

A HANDSOME, Full-gilt PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, holding 20 full-sized Pictures, mailed, post-paid, for 25c.; 5 for $1; $2.25 per dozen. Circulars free. Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York City. ju3-12t



These German Silver Rings will not rust, break, or spread apart, and are one of the strongest rings made; there is room for a name and address to be stamped or engraved on either side, they can be easily opened or locked by turning the washer. Money easily made with GEM OUTFIT, containing dies, etc., for stamping rings and checks; price only $12.00. Sample ring 15 cents. Circulars Free. jy15-3m

AGENTS WANTED for BISHOP STEVENS' Great Work, **The Parables.** *Splendidly Illustrated*—and selling faster than any book in the market. Address J. M. STODDART & CO., Publishers, 734 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. ju24-13t

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, Gun Material. Write for Price List, to *GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS*, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.* au5-26t

HORN OF PLENTY!

$5,000 for $1. If you *mean business*, here is a *sure thing* Send $1 to Prof. Lawton, Paterson, N. J. jy29-3t

R. DOLLARD,

513

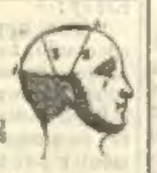
CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA,

PREMIER ARTISTE

IN

HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6 cowly

A BEAUTIFUL LOT of "DECALCOMANIE PICTURES," sent, post-paid, for 25 cts., with full instructions. Address, B. FOX & CO., Decalcomanie Depot, 369 Canal St., New York City. ju3-52t

PALMER 1866

PATENTS. BEST IN USE.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE

1609 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T. A. A. LIMB C°

Commissioned by the Surgeon-General,

FOR THE U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.

More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

To avoid imposition apply only to

B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,

1609 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA. nov5-tf

The Celebrated

Murray & Lanman's Florida Water.

The most lasting, agreeable, and refreshing of all perfumes, for use on the Handkerchief, at the Toilet, and in the Bath. For sale by all Druggists and Perfumers. sep17-1y

LIFE PHOTOGRAPHS of "TOM THUMB," "Wife," and "Baby," only 10c., post-paid. Address, B. FOX & CO., New York City. ju24-12t

EPILEPSY OR FITS.—A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured every body who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any druggist. Persons desiring a copy may address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. jy15 3m

RUPTURE

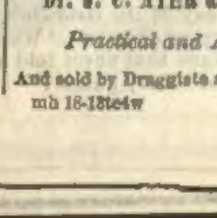
CURED by Dr. SHERMAN'S PATENT APPLIANCE AND RUPTURE CURATIVE, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents.

Address Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, ap8 1y 607 Broadway, N. Y.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF and Sound Refreshing Sleep guaranteed to any one afflicted with Asthma by using my "*Instant Relief for Asthma.*" *It acts instantly and completely, relieving the paroxysm immediately*, and enabling the patient to *lie down and sleep.* I suffered from this disease twelve years, but now suffer no longer, and work and sleep as well as any one. *Warranted* to relieve in every case. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, $1 per box, and 10 cents for postage. CHAS. B. HURST, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa. dec17-1y

BLOOD!

BROWN'S BLOOD PILLS purify the Blood and strengthen the system. They do not act as a cathartic, but work like a charm, freeing the system of all poisonous matter. A sure and reliable cure for Scrofula, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Sore Eyes, Pimples and Blotches. They are not offered as a universal cure-all, but in the above diseases they have no equal. They are not a patent medicine, and cannot be purchased at any drug store. We send these pills by mail, post-paid, price 50 cents per package. Address JAS. R. BROWN, Box 218, Norristown, Pennsylvania. jy29-4t



INVALIDS' TRAVELLING CHAIRS.

From $15 to $40.

For In and Out-door Use.

Any one having use of the hands can propel and guide one.

Having no use of the hands, any child of five years can push a grown person about.

Invalids' Carriages to order.

PATENT SUDAN CARRYING CHAIRS.

State your case, and send stamp for circular.

STEPHEN W. SMITH, mh11-cdm3t 90 William St., New York.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, SUCH AS COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

The few compositions, which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation or maintained it so long as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvellous cures, which have won for it a confidence in its virtues, never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of *Coughs, Colds, Consumption*, that can be made by medical skill. Indeed the Cherry Pectoral has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors, to a great extent and given a feeling of immunity from their fatal effects, which is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely protection. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not. Keep it by you for the protection it affords in sudden attacks, and by its timely use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

And sold by Druggists all round the world. mh 18-13teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

OUT OF THE TAVERN.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night;
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street! you are drunk, 'tis a very clear case.

Moon! 'tis a very queer figure you cut,
One eye is staring while t'other is shut—
Tipsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame;
Old as you are, 'tis a horrible shame!

Then the street lamps, what a scandalous sight!
None of them standing soberly upright;
Rocking and staggering—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion; now, isn't it odd?
I am the only thing sober abroad;
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain—
Better go into the tavern again.

Late News from England.

Queen Elizabeth is dead. It doesn't make any difference how we got the information. This is none of our fight—this quarrel between the Associated Press and its rival. We've received the news, and that's enough. She died two hundred and sixty-eight years ago, the twenty-fourth of last month. She survived until the vital spark had fled, and then she saw it was of no use resisting the inscrutable decree of fate, and so her unfettered soul took its flight into the mysterious void, and settled down in that bourne from which no traveller returns, unless he has a mission to jerk chairs around and rap on tables for the benefit of mediums and other long-haired, wild-eyed lunatics.

Queen Elizabeth was a virgin—a vergin' on seventy; and yet the fire gleamed as brightly as ever in her cream-colored eye, and the delicate sheen of her finely-tinted maroon nose contrasted as forcibly as in her youth with the alabaster of her bust, and the plugs in her teeth were just as valuable as when gold was at 156.

She had no small vices. She did not smoke, or chew, or belong to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. And when she swore, she never descended to the vulgarity of Horace Greeley—Queen Elizabeth didn't. When she used profanity, she gave it with a finish, an elegance, a delicate, airy grace, and infused into it a luxurious abandon, and dressed it up with well-selected poetical adjectives, so that it sounded like a strain from some sweet singer—like some sweet singer straining himself, in fact. And she had red hair.

Her chignon was burglar-proof. And often, in the dim twilight of evening, when the sun had sunk to rest, when the western sky was filled with tender radiance and lambent light, and the bulbul wooed the rose in the back yard, she would play a few notes upon her harpsichord or write a Latin hymn or an essay upon the Harrison boiler. She was supposed to be the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and "Beautiful Snow," and "Five O'Clock in the Morning." But nevertheless she was a very estimable woman, and with all her faults we love her still—better, indeed, than if she were still fooling around.

Queen Elizabeth was not proud. She always insisted upon cleaning her own teeth, even if she was a queen; and she always did it once a week, every Sunday morning, with her own tooth-brush. What a lesson does it teach to those who are haughty and vain, and belong to the bon-ton! She never forgot that she was mere perishable dust, and that the sheep and the silk-worm wore her fine clothes long before she got them. She read every Sunday-school book that taught the facts; and she once trod on Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak to remind him of them, because he was so set up with his new fancy cassimeres. She said upon her death-bed that Lydia Thompson need not learn this lesson, because it had no moral for those who browsed around in Nature's simple garb.

Queen Elizabeth was not sorry to die. She foresaw that George F. Train was coming to England, and she said to her physician that she would prefer the enduring peace of the cold and silent grave to three weeks of George and the Alabama claims controversy and the Schleswig-Holstein question all at the same time. Her last words were, "Kill Horace Greeley before he has a chance to write 'What I Know About Farming.'" There was not a dry eye in that second-story front room. Everybody was thinking how impossible it was to fulfill her dying request, and to escape so much misery.

But she has now gone; she has left us; we shall see her no more. Perhaps it is for the best. She was a vigorous woman, and if she had lived she might have come to America, and we might have given her mortal offence, and she might have pranced around here and flogged us like the very nation. For she was a woman who followed closely in all the prevailing fashions. And so we are glad she is dead, and has four tons of marble planted on her to hold her down.

Rest in peace, old girl! Rest in pieces!

Grease Her Knees.

Mayne Reid, the prolific author of wild stories for little and big children, was once a gallant soldier, and distinguished himself in the Mexican war. After the capture of the City of Mexico he was wont to empty his trunk in adorning his handsome person before calling upon the fair Gaudalupe, and while so doing would stir up his enthusiasm by reciting poetry, much to the wrath and disgust of his fellow officers, who had no fine clothes and no loves. One day while dressing he roared out—

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knees—"

"I say, Reid," interrupted Ned Marshall, "why did she grease her knees?" "What?" "You said 'grease her knees;' now the question that agitates the country is, why did she grease her knees?' The gay lieutenant gazed for a moment in blank amazement, and said sternly: "You're a fool." A duel was the consequence, in which Ned Marshall, with his usual luck, got the worst of it.

A TONGUE THAT NEVER LIED.—An old man, writing his recollections of old times, says:—"I dined one day at Dr. Baldwin's. While carving, the doctor observed, 'Who will have a piece of tongue that never told a lie? Can this be said of all my guests?'"

AUNT THEODOSIA (highly scientific, and greatly addicted to weeds—marine, of course)—"Pray, my dears, admire this beautiful specimen of the Laminaria Saccharina. It is of the same family as the Agarum Thalassophylum, Costeria and Nereocystis; this species appears in the form of a long band.

PRETTY NIECE (not scientific)—"Why no, Auntie, that's Blanche's long curl—we've been looking for it everywhere—and all the curls out of it, poor thing."—(End of Botanical Lesson.)

Fainting Once Too Often.

"We may faint once too often," said Miss Lilywhite, and she sighed; and then her customary smile beamed about her. "Of this dreary truth am I a sad example."

"You! Miss Lilywhite!" said Angelina.

"Listen," said the old maid. "'Tis a short story; but worth your hearing. When I was nineteen, I was about to be married. About, did I say? Why, the day was fixed; I was in my bridal dress; at the altar; the ring, the wedding-ring at the very tip of my finger, when—"

"Mercy me!" cried Angelina, "what happened?"

"I fainted," said Miss Lilywhite, and she shook her head, and a wan smile played about her lips.

"And you were not married because you fainted?" said Angelina, much awakened to the subject.

"As I have confessed, it was my weakness to faint upon all occasions. I enjoyed the interest that, as I thought, fainting cast about me. My lover often looked coldly—suspiciously; but love conquered his doubts, and led him triumphantly before the parson. Well, the marriage service was begun, and—"

"Do go on," cried Angelina.

"And in a few minutes I should have been a wife, when I thought I must faint. It would seem very bold of me in such a situation not to faint. I, who had fainted on so many occasions, not to swoon at the altar would have been a want of sentiment—of proper feeling, on so awful an occasion. With this thought, I felt myself fainting rapidly; and just as the bridegroom had touched my finger with the ring—I went off; yes, my dear, swooned with all the honors."

"Do go on," again cried Angelina.

"As I swooned the ring slipt from the bridegroom's fingers, fell upon the stove, and was rolling—rolling—to drop through the aperture of the stove that, from below, admitted heat to the church, when—though swooning—I somehow saw the danger, and, to stop the ring, put forth my foot—"

"Well!" exclaimed Angelina.

"Too late—the ring rolled on—disappeared down the chimney of the stove—and then I fainted with the greatest fidelity. Hartshorn and *sal volatile* came to my aid. I was restored—but where was the ring? 'Twas hopeless to seek for it. Half a dozen other rings were proffered; but no—it would be an evil omen—there would be no happiness, if I were not wedded with my own ring. Well, search was made—and time flew—and, we were late at church to begin with—and the ring was not found when the church-clock struck twelve."

"Well!" said Angelina.

"Well!" sighed Miss Lilywhite, "the clergyman, closing his book, said, 'It is past the canonical hour; the parties cannot be married to-day; they must come again to-morrow.'"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Angelina.

"We returned home; my lover upbraided—I retorted; we had a smocking quarrel, and—and he left the house to write me a farewell letter. In a week he was on his voyage to India; in a twelvemonth he had married an Indian lady, as rich as an idol, and I—after thirty years—am still Caroline Lilywhite, spinster."

The Ants' Visitation.

Listen to what a lady writes from Trinidad of one of these visitations, as quoted by Kirby:—

"The upper room presented a singular spectacle, for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also. The open rafters of a West Indian house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach but now their destruction was inevitable. The *chasseur* ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular, thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off the dead bodies dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them.

"From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the *chasseurs*. I opened a large military chest, full of linen, and pulled out the linen on the floor, and with them hundreds of cockroaches; and not one escaped.

"I next proceeded to open a store-room at the end of the house, for a place of retreat; but to get the key, I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever. The ants had commenced an attack on the *rats* and *mice*, which, strange as it may seem, were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. These surrounded them as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one rat or mouse escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off in a brief period.

"We next tried the kitchen, for the store-room and boys' pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them.

"I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; about twelve, the battle was formidable; soon after one the great strife began with the rats and mice; and about three the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors."

The negroes appropriately call these invasions "the blessing of God." It has been remarked that, with instinct, these ants in their visitations will always pass by an uninhabited house, seeming to be well aware that their prey is only to be found in immediate association with man. None but those who have in person experienced the disgusting annoyance caused by the Southern cockroach can appreciate this wonderful provision of Providence, by which the houses are yearly cleaned in so much more complete a manner than they possibly could be by the utmost resources of human ingenuity.

☞ A German waiter at Bingen on the Rhine has displayed a remarkable talent for fraud. A lady found a chicken in her egg, and called his attention to the circumstance. He charged her for a boiled chicken.

☞ Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venetian turpentine and cinnabar. Cinnabar gives it the deep red color, and turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. B. (Augusta, Ga.,) writes: "The Post has always been a welcome visitor at our door, and I am glad to see that it is growing, like old wine, riper and better with age. I hope you will notice the following question in your 'Answers to Correspondents,' and that you will insert it as early as possible. I have a particular friend with whom I frequently have to find fault. He often acts unadvisedly, so much so that I think it my duty to reprove him. Yet he is very sensitive, and I am afraid I may wound his feelings. What had I better do—write to him in kindly remonstrance, or have a personal interview? I confess the first course will be the pleasantest, and seems to me the best. Would it not be best to write?" No. That would very probably make bad worse. Never write unpleasant matter when you have the opportunity to speak it. The winds carry away spoken words. A letter retains all the sting of its reproof to rankle in the mind years after the occasion for it has passed. In writing we are apt to warm up to the essay spirit, and fail to place ourselves in the position of the recipient and to consider the effect of our words upon him. Besides there is a personal magnetism in the human voice that is foreign to the cold lines of written language. There is also the chance that by an apt reply your friend may cause you to take a different view of his case, and thus possibly prevent you from offending beyond recall.

AGNES (St. Louis, Mo.,) asks: "Will you be so kind as to notice in the columns of your valuable paper the following case? A party, who is well known to me, has, without my permission, taken a letter addressed to me from the Post-office—and, to add insult to injury, has used its contents against me. I am engaged to a person whom I no longer like. I have lately been corresponding with another person for whom I have a great regard. Do you think this correspondence objectionable? It was one of his letters that was taken out by the party to whom I am engaged, and he has not only accused me of falsehood to him, but has talked freely, until the circumstance is everywhere known. I shall certainly not marry him now, and wish to know if I can obtain any satisfaction for the injury he has done me!" What proof have you of one having tampered with your correspondence? The taking from the Post-office a letter addressed to another, and making use of its contents to the injury of the other, is a criminal offence for which the offending party could be severely punished. But before seeking redress be sure of your position. You may be judging him wrongfully from the fact of his having a knowledge of your actions, that might have been otherwise obtained. In any case you have acted disingenuously. An engagement of marriage, while existing with the implied consent of both parties, necessarily limits your freedom of action towards other gentlemen. You "should be off with the old love, before you are on with the new."

SAVOR (Vineland, N. J.,) writes: "Will you favor me by informing me what is the composition of common salt, and how the ocean happens to contain it in such quantities? I have been told by a chemical student that what we call salt has no right to the name at all. How can this be? Will you please inform me in your next issue?" Common salt is formed by the chemical union of two elements, one a heavy greenish yellow gas called Chlorine, the other a white inflammable metal called Sodium. Its scientific name is Chloride of Sodium. It was formerly supposed to be a compound of Muriatic acid and soda, and many substances formed similarly of an acid and an alkali were called Salts. It is now known that common salt is not formed like these chemical salts, and hence, chemically considered, it is not a salt. In regard to its quantity its elements must have existed originally in vast quantities, and, after combining, must have been dissolved by rains and running streams, and thus have gradually been borne into the ocean. Many other substances exist dissolved in sea water, but none to such an extent.

JONAS B. (Harrisburg, Pa.,) writes: "How does gas take a balloon up into the air? One would think that the weight of the balloon would keep it to the earth." The principle is the same as that of a hollow vessel containing air rising in water. The weight of the vessel and air together is less than that of the same volume of water. So by using a gas lighter than air the weight of the balloon and gas combined may be made less than the same volume of air. In this case it necessarily rises.

REGINALD (Tidioute, Pa.,) writes: "I would like to ask a few questions to be answered in your Correspondents column. I am engaged to a young lady, and I learn that she, in my absence, goes with other men. My business is such that it calls me from home most of the time. She appears to think a great deal of me when I am present. Now is it right for her to do so and for me to tolerate it? 2d. Is my hand-writing good enough for a book-keeper? 3d. Have you all the paid contributors you wish or would you employ more? 4th. Would you advise an industrious young man to get married at 21, if he felt inclined, or to wait two or three years?" The answer to your first question depends very greatly upon circumstances. Are these other young men disreputable characters? Has your betrothed accepted any of them as lovers? If not there is surely no great harm done. The acceptance of a proposal of marriage does not bind the lady to abrogate all former friendships. Your best course would be to speak to her in regard to these reports and obtain her version of the story. In any case let not idle jealousy influence your judgment. 2d. No. 3d. Contributions are welcome from all quarters, and will be paid for if considered sufficiently meritorious. Beginners, however, should be satisfied with having their articles published in a first-class journal. Thus giving them an opportunity to improve, and to make a reputation for themselves. 4th. We would not advise young men in general to marry at 21. There are exceptions to all rules, however.

E. F. B. (Laurens C. H., S. C.) asks: "Will you be kind enough, through your Answers to Correspondents, to inform some of the readers and admirers of the Post what the seven wonders of the world are?" The seven wonders of the world were, 1st The Pyramids of Egypt. 2d. The Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon. 3d. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus. 4th. The Statue of Jupiter at Athens, by Phidias. 5th The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus. 6th. The Colossus at Rhodes. 7th. The Pharos at Alexandria. Of these the first three are too well known to need description. The fourth was the master work of the greatest of Greek sculptors, a colossal statue formed of ivory and gold. The Mausoleum was a magnificent monument, built as the tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, by Artemisia, his queen. The most celebrated artists of Greece were employed upon it. Several fine fragments of its statuary have lately been recovered. The Colossus was an immense statue of Phœbus, the guardian deity of Rhodes. The Pharos was a celebrated lighthouse, built on the Isle of Pharos, in front of the city of Alexandria.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME (Jacksonville, Ill.) write: "Seeing that you have wisely devoted a column of your valuable paper to answering correspondents, I beg leave to ask this question. Was Crœsus, the fifth and last King of Lydia, or Crassus, the Consul and Triumvir, the wealthier of the two? Please to answer this question only according to authentic history." Authentic history does not give in exact figures the wealth of these two men. They lived before the days of income tax, and thus were not forced publicly to declare the value of their possessions. Plutarch estimates the wealth of Crassus at more than 7,000 talents, and Pliny says his lands were worth 8,000 talents. As for Crœsus we are simply told that he was immensely rich, which we can well believe, judging from the value of his gifts. Herodotus saw, laid up in the treasury at Delphi, ingots of pure gold, 117 in number, each 6 palms long, 3 broad, and 1 deep, the gift of Crœsus. Elsewhere also he saw gifts of immense value. From these indications we should judge that the latter was the richer.

N. W. (Texas) writes: "I have a roll of my own hair that measures two feet and a half the longest part—any of it is more than two feet long—four inches around the twist. Please inform me if I can sell it, and how much I can get." We have inquired at three places, and cannot find there is any market for hair in this city. They all say they use the already cleaned and prepared European hair. You had better have it made into a braid for your own use at New Orleans—as it is much nicer to wear your own hair than other people's.

SAFFRON (Mokanda, Ill.) writes: "Is Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer living or dead? I saw a notice of her death in Godey's Lady's Book for 1867, which I am inclined to disbelieve." You do not state that you have any reasons for disbelieving the announcement—then why should you question its truth? Mrs. Spencer died as stated in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, August 1, 1867; and her mortal remains lie in Woodland Cemetery, West Philadelphia. Her husband, Gen. Spencer, is now one of the United States Senators from Alabama.

AGRICULTURAL.

Effect of Trees on Climate.

Mr. Buchan, a well known meteorologist of Edinburgh, has lately made a report to the scientific society of that city in regard to certain measures about being introduced by the Governor of Malta for replanting the island with trees, in which he remarks that the characteristic features of the climate of that island are the cold, northerly winds of winter, and the excessive heat of summer, with a great scarcity of water throughout the whole year. The entire absence of trees on the island was thought to intensify and increase these extremes, and it was believed that by securing an abundant covering of forests much could be done for the amelioration of the climate. Mr. Buchan, in reference to the general theory of such amelioration, states that while the highest temperature of the air occurs in summer between two and three o'clock, P. M., the change in the trees is very slow, the leaves not attaining their maximum temperature until nine o'clock, P. M. Thus, while the atmospheric changes are rapid, the temperature varies slowly in the trees, and therefore they serve, like the ocean, as equalizers of the temperature, moderating the heat of the day and maintaining a higher temperature during the night.

In continuation of the same subject, Mr. Buchan remarks, that as air is heated by contact with the soil, and if trees shelter the soil from the solar radiation, they must diminish the force of the sun's rays, especially in the lower strata of the atmosphere. The exhalation of moisture by trees produces cold in the air by abstracting the latent heat from it. This lowering of the temperature gives to the air a greater degree of humidity. Again, the leaves of trees exercise an important influence in cooling the atmosphere, as the tree itself, by its radiation of heat, becomes sensibly lower in temperature, and thus cools the air as it plays among the leaves.

GOOSEBERRY MILDEW.—A writer in the Toronto Globe says, that for the past six years as soon as grass can be cut he spreads a quantity of newly cut grass under his gooseberry bushes and lets it remain all summer. That treatment, combined with very high cultivation and close pruning, has been a complete preventive of mildew for the last six years. He has had every year for that time splendid crops of large, sound berries; some of them nearly as large as small plums.

WEEDS.—A recent writer states that he effectually disposed of certain weeds in the lawn, among them horseradish, "by cutting with a spade two or three inches below the crowns, and pouring on the part left in the ground a little kerosene. The sod was dropped back, and the horseradish failed again to put in an appearance. Any troublesome weeds can easily be killed in this way without injuring the grass."

SQUIRRELS.—The squirrels have been raiding on the wheat fields in Virginia. No sooner does the wheat get ripe enough to be eaten, than they come down from the mountains like the locusts in the days of Pharaoh, and give the farmers serious trouble. This is more especially the case in the mountain districts of Bedford, Botetourt, and Amherst.

BUTTERMILK.—Persons who have not been in the habit of drinking buttermilk consider it disagreeable, because it is slightly acid, in consequence of the presence of lactic acid. There is not much nourishment in buttermilk, but the lactic acid assists the digestion of any food taken with it. The Welsh peasants almost live upon oat cake and buttermilk. Invalids suffering from indigestion will do well to drink buttermilk at meal times.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 1, 6, 21, 16, 13, was a celebrated man.
My 8, 18, 14, 7, was an ancient prophet.
My 5, 35, 9, 20, 33, was an ancient river.
My 10, 17, 4, 14, 35, was an ancient city.
My 12, 18, 10, 26, 23, was a musical instrument.
My 16, 4, 25, 14, 28, was an ancient officer.
My 29, 34, 32, 8, 20, was an article of food.
My 24, 3, 30, 17, 35, was used in offerings.
My 27, 16, 19, 6, 1, was an ancient measure.
My 31, 9, 33, 11, 4, was an ancient town.
My 33, 16, 15, 5, 2, was an ancient city.
My whole is recorded in the Bible.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Enigma.

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
The end of every place.

Probability Problem.

If four dice be piled up at random on a horizontal plane, what is the probability that the pile will not fall down?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a man who stakes his money in a gambling-house like a star? Ans.—Because he's an asterisk (ass-to-risk).

☞ Why is an accepted suitor like a criminal? Ans.—Because he ought to be transported.

☞ Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Ans.—Because he's the questist? (queerest).

☞ Why is your elder brother like grass in a meadow? Ans.—Because he's past your age (pasturage).

☞ When is a tragedian like a sable bird of the crow species? Ans.—When he's a ravin'.

☞ When does a gambler resemble a stingy man at a bar? Ans.—When he orders something up and goes it alone.

Answers to Last.

METAGRAM—Bar, car, ear, far, jar, oar, war, tar.

WORD SQUARE—

B E D
E R E
D E N.

RECEIPTS.

CUT FLOWERS.—The first thing to be considered in arranging cut flowers is the vase.

If it is scarlet, blue, or many-colored, it must necessarily conflict with some hue in your bouquet. Choose rather pure white, green, or transparent glass, which allows the delicate stems to be seen. Brown Swiss-wood, silver, bronze, or yellow straw conflict with nothing. The vase must be subordinate to what it holds.

A bowl for roses. Tall-spreading vases for gladiolus, fern, white lilies, and the like. Cups for violets and tiny wood flowers. Baskets for vines and gay garden blossoms. A flower-lover will in time collect shapes and sizes to suit each group.

Colors should be blended together with neutral tints, of which there are abundance—whites, grays, purples, tender greens—and which harmonize the pinks, crimsons, and brilliant reds into soft union.

Certain flowers assort well only in families, and are spoiled by mixing. Of these are balsams, hollyhocks, and sweet peas, whose tender liquid hues are as those of drifting sunset clouds. Others may be massed with good effect. In arranging a large basket or vase it is well to mentally divide it into small groups, making each group perfectly harmonious with itself, and blending the whole with green and delicate colors. And, above all, avoid stiffness. Let a bright tendril or spray of vine spring forth here and there, and wander over and around the vase at its will.

The water should be warm for a winter vase—cool, but not iced, for a summer one. A little salt or a bit of charcoal should be added in hot weather, to obviate vegetable decay, and the vase filled anew each morning. With these precautions your flowers, if set beside an open window at night, will keep their freshness for many hours even in July, and reward by their beautiful presence the kind hand which arranged and tended them.—*Scribner's Magazine.*